THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXVII—No. 1003

FEBRUARY 21, 1923

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

# POTASH AND PERLMUTTER DISCUSS DANCE MUSIC

MOTOR TYRES AT
1/3 of Present Market Prices
Send your worn tyres to
ALMAGAM
MILLS·HARPENDEN
8000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover
SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS
A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.—Cornwall, 20/1/23. "I am very pleased to say that the last tyre you reconstructed and retreaded for me has done wonderful service; it has done well over 4,000 miles.—Yours truly,——"

BOLLINGER'S
By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.
CHAMPAGNE
1914
Vintage

INDIAN TEAK
PARQUET
FLOORS.
Best for dancing & general wear.
London - made, from seasoned stocks, by original patentees,
HOWARD & SONS, LTD.
25-27, Berners Street, W. 1.

*Made by Hand, One at a Time.*
555
*Virginia.*
STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES
444
*Turkish.*
*FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS.*

Kunzle
HIGH GRADE
CHOCOLATES
MADE IN BIRMINGHAM.
PATENT CREAMS, Regd. 19215.

The BEST results are obtained by using
BORWICK'S
The Best BAKING POWDER in the World
for making the lightest Cakes, Scones, Pastries, Puddings, and Pies.
Always insist on having Borwick's!

PRICE ONE SHILLING; By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: Tallis St., E.C.4. PARIS: 35 Rue Lafayette. ROTTERDAM: West Zeedijk 48 E.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN CREPE DE CHINE NIGHTGOWNS

***Dainty Nightdress*** *in rich quality crepe de Chine, with new shape neck and revers finished hemstitching and bow. In Ivory and all delightful shades.*

SPECIAL PRICE

29/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Also at LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW, & SOUTHAMPTON

# GOOCHS
## VOGUE & VALUE

Parisian inspiration is seen in the new advance Spring modes at Goochs. Delightful charm of line and material is combined with moderate price in every garment. The models here shown are unmatched for value and style.

*"OXFORD"*

*A smart, well-tailored walking suit in a neat Black and White check suiting. Coat cut on becoming long lines, collar of Black velvet; lined silk throughout. Sizes S.W., W. and O.S.*

PRICE **6 Gns.**

*Also in Brown and White check.*

Call and inspect the attractive display of new Spring Millinery—a hat to match your every gown.

*"URSULE"*

*Smart walking gown of brown wool marocain, cut on newest lines. Prettily embroidered at belt and sleeves in modish shades of mordore, copper, and old gold. Small petals are worked on skirt and back of bodice. Also in Navy, and Black.*

PRICE **14½ Gns.**

GOOCHS Ltd

**BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.**

*Tube Station: Knightsbridge.* *'Phone: Kensington 5100.*



# New Jumpers

Come and see the delightful new display of Knitted Coats for Early Spring wear now on view in the Knitted Coat Department on Harrods First Floor. A visit will prove a veritable delight!

***'Elgin'***

*A charming new model Jumper in fine Spun Silk with neat design of lace open-work. Made on effective straight lines, with V neck. Available in all the season's colourings including Putty, Saxe, Sky, Silver, Gold, Navy, Mauve, Pink, Nigger, Grey or Lemon. Also Black or White.*

**69/6**

*Knitted Coat Salon is on Harrods First Floor.*

# HARRODS

*Harrods Ltd London SW 1*



## *THE NEW "CORSLO"*

To achieve the most fashionable figure effect of absolutely natural suppleness is the aim of the new "Corslo." Only two central and short bones are introduced into the cleverly cut Crêpe de Chine, Tricot or Satin, and it does the combined duty of bodice, corset and hip belt, moulding and at the same time supporting the bust, and giving a long graceful line to the waist and hips, and kept in position by two sets of suspenders. First and foremost the "Corslo" is for the slender woman's wear with the most fashionable day and evening gowns and dance dresses, while as absolute freedom for every movement is essential to the success and enjoyment of tennis and golf, etc., it is a necessity and boon to the sportswoman, incidentally it should be included in every Trousseau and Tropical Outfit.

**THE "CORSLO" HIP BELT AND BUST BODICE COMBINED** (as sketch) in Pink or White cotton Tricot, buttoned at back, two bones in front which may be removed for washing; two pairs of suspenders. Measurements required when ordering: hips, bust, and waist.

PRICE **42/-**

In Crepe de Chine ... **63/-**
In Silk Tricot **4 & 4½ Gns.**
In best quality Satin **4½ Gns.**

# Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London W.

*Sent on approval.*

# *Every Skin needs two Creams*

**Pond's Cold Cream for use at night and Pond's Vanishing Cream for day use**

IT is a gratifying fact that, with their emancipation from many conventions, Englishwomen are yearly coming to understand more of the needs of the complexion. Side by side with their increasing love of an outdoor life they are learning how to preserve the clear unwrinkled skin of their first youth. The secret lies in the regular use of two complexion creams.

*Pond's Cold Cream* should be massaged into the skin of the face and hands every night before retiring—occasionally also the neck, shoulders and arms. The effects of this perfect cold cream are thoroughly to cleanse the pores, to supplement the natural oil of the skin and thus to keep it clear, full and firm, yet velvety to the touch. Incidentally, Pond's Cold Cream prevents or remedies roughness of the skin and chapped hands.

*Pond's Vanishing Cream* is an entirely different cream, for it contains no oil and disappears instantly upon application. This delicately perfumed cream is for day use and can be beneficially used as frequently as required in order to freshen up the complexion and to give the skin full protection against weather effects. Its secondary use is as a base for powder, for which it is admirable.

*Use these two creams regularly*, the one to cleanse the skin and keep it supple—the other to refresh and protect the complexion. Every skin needs two creams—each with its special purposes, each made on an entirely different base. No one cream can serve such widely differing needs. Pond's Creams do not promote the growth of hair.

***"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"***

*Both Creams of all Chemists and Stores in handsome opal jars 1/3 and 2/6, also collapsible tubes 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-.*

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

SAA

# Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

For Smokers of cultured taste who appreciate refinement

**Diplomat**

VIRGINIA
**Cigarettes**

IN ARTISTIC BOXES OF

| 25 | 50 | 100 |
|---|---|---|
| 2/- | 4/- | 8/- |

A Product of fine skill working on exquisite material.

**MATINÉE**

Highest Grade Turkish Cigarettes.

Size 3 in decorated Tins of 100, 9/11; 50, 5/1; 25, 2/6

Blended and Manufactured from the Choicest Growths.

ALLAN RAMSAY

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

*ATTRACTIVE*
*COAT FROCKS*
*OF NEW DESIGN*

Well cut, perfectly tailored, and made from high-grade materials that we can recommend to give satisfaction in wear.

**SMART COAT FROCK** in good quality gabardine, cut on becoming lines with collar, long revers and cuffs in new material of contrasting colour, finished with novelty braid. In stock and large sizes.

PRICE
**7½ Gns.**

**Debenham & Freebody**
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street, London, W.

NEW SPRING
TEAGOWNS
AT SPECIAL PRICES.

WE have designed and made in our own workrooms a number of inexpensive and attractive crepe de Chine and satin beauté Teagowns, similar to the one illustrated, which can be sent on approval.

"MARION"

**ARTISTIC TEAGOWN** in rich quality satin beauté, full bodice and skirt caught in at low waist with metal belt and self wheels, Grecian sleeves of chiffon to tone, finished tassels.

In all colours and Black.

SPECIAL PRICE
**7½ Gns.**

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

*Harvey Nichols*
*of Knightsbridge*

*NEW AND EXCLUSIVE*
*DESIGNS IN*
*GAUZE LACE*
*UNDERWEAR*

*HOSIERY DEPT.*
*GROUND FLOOR.*

*This dainty lace wool garment has a full straight skirt fastened underneath with tab, this forming either a useful cami-knicker or a new short cami-petticoat, finished top and hem with silk crochet threaded ribbon draw string. In Pink, Sky, Mauve, Lemon, Black, White, or White/Sky, White/Mauve, White / Pink and White / Lemon.*

*PRICE*
*29/6*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.

AFTERNOON FROCKS
OF
EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

ADAPTED from new Paris Models and made from thoroughly reliable materials. This frock is designed and made in our own workrooms on the premises under the supervision of highly skilled fitters, thus ensuring a perfect cut and finish.

**ATTRACTIVE AFTERNOON GOWN** in good quality crepe de Chine: simple crossover bodice with embroidered waistbelt; well-cut skirt with drapeu over tunic. In Black and a good range of colours.

PRICE

**8½ Gns.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1



Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

ATTRACTIVE KNITTED JUMPER
FOR EARLY SPRING

*New Lace Stitch Jumper (as sketch) made from super quality Alpaca yarn in a very practical shape with lacea fronts and ribbed to fit well over hips. In a wide range of attractive spring colours.*

PRICE
73/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.



LIFELIKE TRANSFORMATIONS
ANY STYLE TO ORDER

Which add charm and distinction to the appearance. Price according to quantity of Hair, **£4 17 6, £3 12 9,** and **£2 10 9.** With Natural Skin Parting, from **£6 6 0.** Beautiful Wavy Toupets with Natural Skin Parting, from **£2 10 9,** according to depth of Parting.

Switches of Pure Human Hair. Any length to order

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 16 inches .. .. | 5/9 | 22 inches .. .. | 15/9 |
| 18 ,, .. .. | 8/9 | 24 ,, .. .. | 22/9 |
| 20 ,, .. .. | 11/9 | 26 ,, .. .. | 26/9 |
| 28 inches, | 37/9 | | |

Grey or Light Shades extra.

*A pattern of hair and remittance must accompany each order.*

UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.
(Established 1895)

*West End Branch:*
**1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.1**
(Opposite Bourne and Hollingsworth's)

*For Goods on Approval see our Descriptive Catalogue, post free from* **The Manageress—**
**82, FOXBERRY ROAD, Brockley, London, S.E.4.**


# PRINCESS MARY'S WEDDING PICTURE

## *IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.*

IT will be of special interest to our Readers to know that copies of the ROYAL PICTURE of the beautiful scene in Westminster Abbey, reproduced on page 430 of to-day's "Bystander," may be secured from "The Bystander" direct by filling in the Order Form underneath.

The reproductions, which will be ready shortly, are from the painting just completed by the Artist, Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, painted by command of His Majesty the King.

**ORDER FORM.**

*To The Manager, The Bystander,*
*Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4.*

*Dear Sir,*
*Please secure for me and send when ready*.....

*One Proof*.....*at*.....*Guineas*

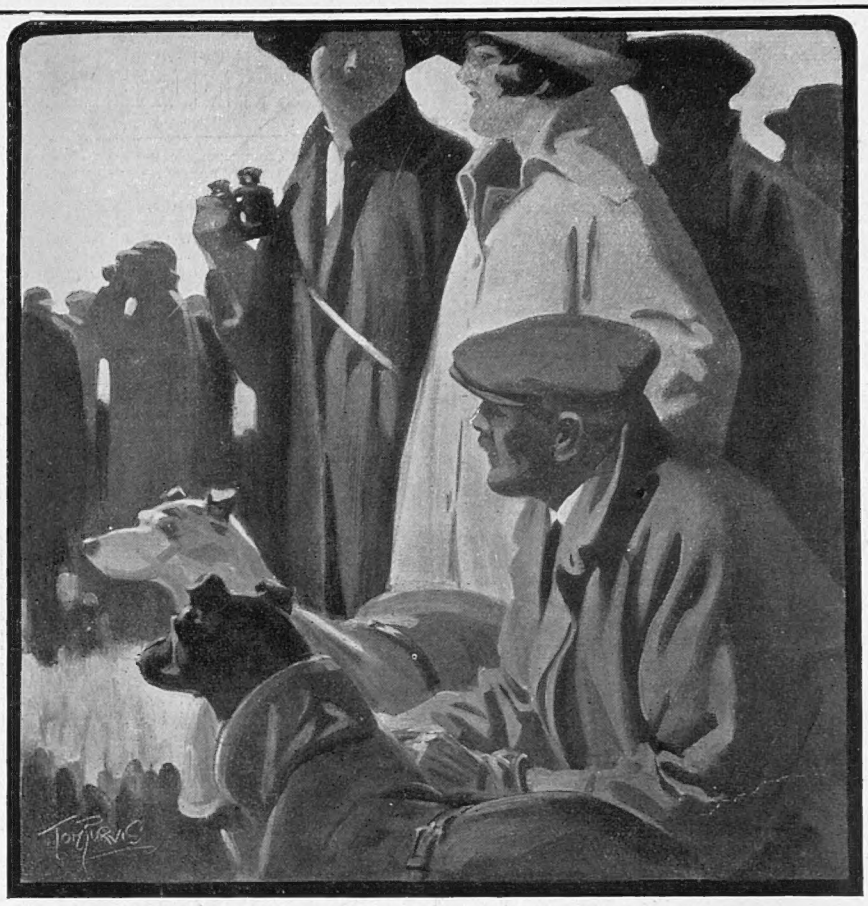
*One Print*.....*at*.....*Guineas*
*of the "ROYAL PICTURE OF PRINCESS MARY'S WEDDING," painted by Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, by command of His Majesty the King, for which I enclose cheque herewith.*

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*Date*.....

PRICES (Size 18 inches by 12 deep):
Artist's Proofs, Ten Guineas. Second Proofs, Five Guineas.
India Prints, Two Guineas. Plain Prints, One Guinea.
(Size 16 inches by 9½ inches deep):
Artist's Proofs, limited to 500 copies, Five Guineas.
Plain Prints, Half a Guinea.



THE "Something New" in weatherproofs observable in the windows of "Aquascutum" is reflected in the "Aquascutum" brochure, and patterns awaiting your behest.

"Aquascutum" Field Coats (waterproof and windproof) 3½ to 5 Gns.; "Aquascutum" pure new wool weatherproofs from 6 Gns.; Capes from 7 Gns.; Suits from 10 Gns.

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

Aquascutum Ltd. REGISTERED

Established 1851.

100 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The Tonic Effect of

TITTERTON'S

*CELEBRATED*

HAIR BRUSHES

Made of carefully selected bristles. They impart to the scalp a healthy tonic effect, immensely improving the hair. Every Brush guaranteed. Only those stamped "TITTERTON" are genuine.

Obtainable at all High-class Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, & Fancy Goods Shops.

Wholesale only:—
TITTERTON & HOWARD Ltd., London, W. Makers of the **Athenæum Tooth Brush**—the most scientifically constructed brush yet invented for cleaning the teeth. Childs 1/6, Adults, 2/-.

MANUFACTURING BUSINESS

FOR SALE—£5.000.

Manufacturing business established 10 years in London, with large plant of machinery, manufacturing specialized line of goods. Proprietor has insufficient capital to cope with increasing developments. Good opportunity for man interested in constructional and mechanical articles. Parents wishing to put their sons in business would find this a good investment. Partnership could be arranged, or present owner would continue as Manager.

Write to "E. D.," c/o HEASMAN & CO., 39, Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

ELECTRIC LIGHT-MAKING PLANT.

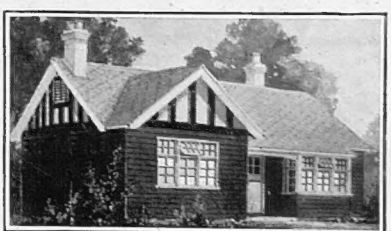
**VERTICAL BOILER** and **ENGINE** on one bedplate with Duplex Westinghouse Pump, super-heater, 8 h.p. boiler (new 1914), No. 32874, engine No. 20738; makers, Robey and Co.; two-pole type generator capacity about 6 kw., 52 cells, etc. Can be seen by appointment. County Surrey.—Further particulars from Box, R.V. THE BYSTANDER, Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

*Always ask for*

"SPHERE"

BRACES, GARTERS, SUSPENDERS

Each pair bears manufacturer's guarantee. Obtainable from all Drapers & Outfitters.



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Your new House, complete with all internal fittings, ready for occupation in about SIX WEEKS—the

"COTTABUNGA"

solves the housing problem. The illustration shows one of the three types of perfect bungalow cottage that can be erected anywhere. The greatest value ever offered.

*Write for free illustrated Catalogue of bungalows, Motor Houses, Chalets, and all kinds of Portable Buildings.*

**BROWNE & LILLY, Ltd.**

*Manufacturers and Exporters.*

*THAMES SIDE, READING.*

FOSTER CLARK'S

The Creamiest Custard

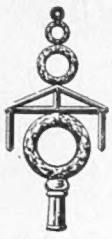
**"We are getting a 'Standard' too"**

THAT is the decision of the family man who has investigated. He knows that the "Standard" Car will give him and his family satisfactory service. It is comfortable, plenty of room for everyone and ample luggage space too. *And* running cost is low—that's why there are so many on the road.

8 h.p. (Rating 9.5 h.p.) 2 or 4-Seaters, £275.
11 h.p. (Rating 13.9 h.p.) 2 or 4-Seaters, £450.

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

*The All British*
**Standard**
Light 2 & 4 Seaters: 11 & 8 hp



"COUNT · THEM · ON · THE · ROAD"



**SINGER**

THE grotesque appearance which many motorists assume during the Winter in their endeavours to protect themselves adequately from the weather whilst motoring, is entirely unnecessary with the new SINGER Models. With the hood up and the side screens in position the car provides all the advantages of a permanently enclosed model, whilst with the hood down the rigid side screens provide complete protection from draught and side winds. If desired, the rear side screens can be adjusted to form a V shaped rear screen.

Add these latest improvements to the existing reputation for reliability and service which the SINGER has held since 1912, and you get a car which should recommend itself to all discerning motorists who have the experience to appreciate those points which differentiate between the ordinary run of good cars and the SINGER.

***The Coventry Premier 10 h.p. Car***

now manufactured by the Singer Company is the same engine, chassis, and body as the famous Singer "Ten" but without Electric Starter, Side Curtains, and certain refinements which account for the difference in the price.

**1923 PRICES**

15 h.p. SINGER Six Cylinder 4/5-Seater 520 Gns.
10 h.p. SINGER All-Weather 2 & 4-Seaters 280 Gns.
10 h.p. COVENTRY PREMIER 2 & 4-Seaters 230 Gns.

All the above cars have Dunlop Tyres and Rotax Equipment.
*Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.*

SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London Showrooms: 17, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.
London Service Depot: York Works, Brewery Rd., Holloway, N.

*The Car illustrated is the SINGER 10 h.p. Four-Seater.*

H.P.



**Light Car Owners—use Cord Tyres**

*—but look into their "Family History"*

A cord tyre built upon the correct scientific principles is the strongest and most flexible, but remember that cord construction is a highly specialised process and the *only* cord tyre in the world which has 20 years' record of success behind it is the Palmer.

*A.B.C.*
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**PALMER Flexicord TYRES**

are indeed the only cord tyres with a pedigree.

| Size. | PRICES. | Per Cover. |
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| 710 x 85 (oversize for 700 x 80) ... | | £3 5 5 |
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**WAREHOUSING**

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*Estimates and Expert Advice given.*

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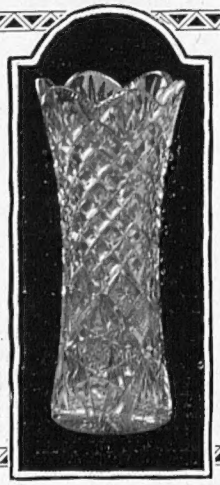
TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 4000.





Lovers of fine glassware should ask their dealer to show them his stock of "Dazzlex" Cut Glass. For whiteness and flawless brilliancy it will bear comparison with many a collector's prize

**DAZZLEX**
**CUT GLASS DE LUXE**

Made by CLAYTON MAYERS & CO., of 28 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. 1, who also make "Jacobean" (pressed) Glassware

# INEXPENSIVE HATS
## FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

CHARMING HAT in fine pedal straw with soft swathe and binding of chiffon velvet to match. In Nut Brown, Nigger, Royal, Magenta, Marigold, Old Gold, Apple, Mole, Grey, Terra Cotta, Navy and Black.

PRICE

**3½ Gns.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

## *LITTLE BOYS' COATS*
*Of Exclusive Design*

Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and we have a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all our productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made on the premises by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

**LITTLE BOYS' COAT** (as sketch) in good quality herringbone tweed, with plain rever collar and pockets, lined polonaise silk. In brown only.

| | Price |
|---|---|
| Size for 2 years .. | 4½ Gns. |
| " " 3 " .. | 5 " |
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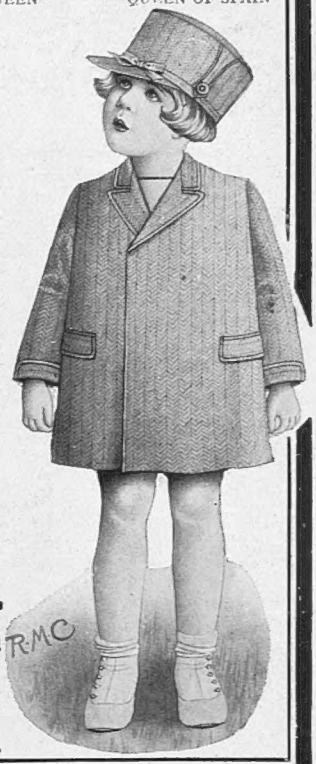
Smart Cap to match, trimmed ribbon bow across front, **42/-**

*Sent on approval.*



**Debenham & Freebody**
Wigmore Street.
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# THE DEAF CAN HEAR!
# DEAF? *Listen—*

No need to mention that isolation and "out of everything" feeling which you know so well. All that matters is that the New "ACOUSTIQUE" can and will immediately enable you to hear distinctly social and business intercourse, and, forgetting the dullness of the past, to once again, or, perhaps, for the first time, play untrammelled your rightful part in the business or social interests of those about you.

There is an "ACOUSTIQUE" for *every* case, slight or acute, no matter cause, extent or duration. *Nerve and Middle Ear cases specially fitted*, and with the exclusive NON-HEAD attachment it is rendered certainly as inconspicuous as rimless glasses. An "ACOUSTIQUE" Stethoscope has been specially designed for Deaf Doctors, and the "ACOUSTIQUE" Church Installation is enabling many Deaf Churchgoers to hear the Services once again as distinctly as those with normal hearing.

*Individual Demonstrations and Tests personally, or fittings by post from particulars.*

Mr R. H. Dent's "ACOUSTIQUE" for Deaf Ears

*NO CONSULTATIVE FEE. Write, call or 'phone for appointment.*

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"ACOUSTIQUE"—The Aid DEAF DOCTORS USE

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## NETTOYAGE À SEC

OUR postal system of Dry Cleaning is speedy, simple and economical—the post is OUR Agent. Customers express satisfaction by every post. TRY US.

*The prices are:—*

BLOUSES, 2/-; DRESSES, 6/-
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*Parcels returned very quickly.*
*Postage paid one way.*

BRAND & MOLLISON LTD
CITY OF GLASGOW DYEWORKS
MARYHILL GLASGOW

# Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

## *NEW PETTICOATS AT SPECIAL PRICES*

***Special Petticoat*** *in crêpe de Chine printed with coloured floral design. Elastic at waist. Supplied in Grey, Jade, Royal and White grounds with effective contrasting pattern.*

*PRICE*

*21/9*

*HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1*

LUCAS BOLS

Founder of the Distillery Amsterdam

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MARASCHINO
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VERY OLD GIN

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ONLY ONE HOUR *from* LONDON

BRIGHTON

*"Where the sun always shines and there are no winter fogs"*

The GORDON HOTELS LIMITED

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*ON all occasions the ROVER is ready to serve, to add to comfort and to pleasure, to eliminate all worry as to "getting there" and "getting back." Accept the service that the ROVER offers, you will find it dependable under all conditions.*

The full range of ROVER Models includes: 12 h.p. Chassis, £415; 12 h.p. Two-Seater, £525; 12 h.p. Four-Seater, £550; 12 h.p. Limousine Coupé, £650; 12 h.p. Coupé (Drop Head), £675; 12 h.p. Saloon, £775; 8 h.p. Two-Seater, £180; 8 h.p. Four-Seater, £190; 8 h.p. Two-Seater De Luxe, £200; 8 h.p. Four-Seater De Luxe, £210; 8 h.p. Coupé with Self-Starter, £240. Self-Starter on other 8 h.p. Models, £15 extra, and Dickey Seat on 8 h.p. Two-Seater, £2 10s. extra. So far as can be foreseen at present there is not likely to be any further reduction in the prices of Rover Cars during the 1923 season.

ROVER

*"The Car that set the fashion to the World"*

*Send for Catalogue illustrating all Models.*

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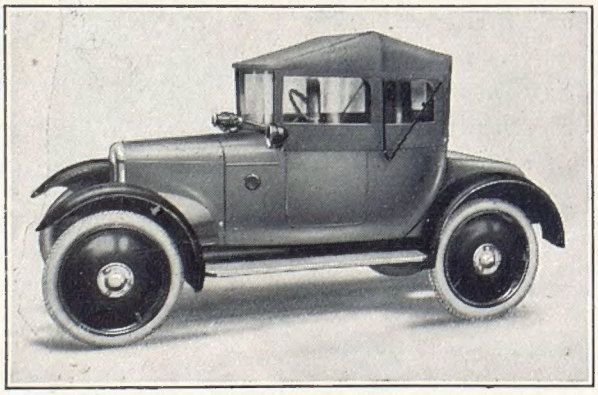

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*Sent on approval.*

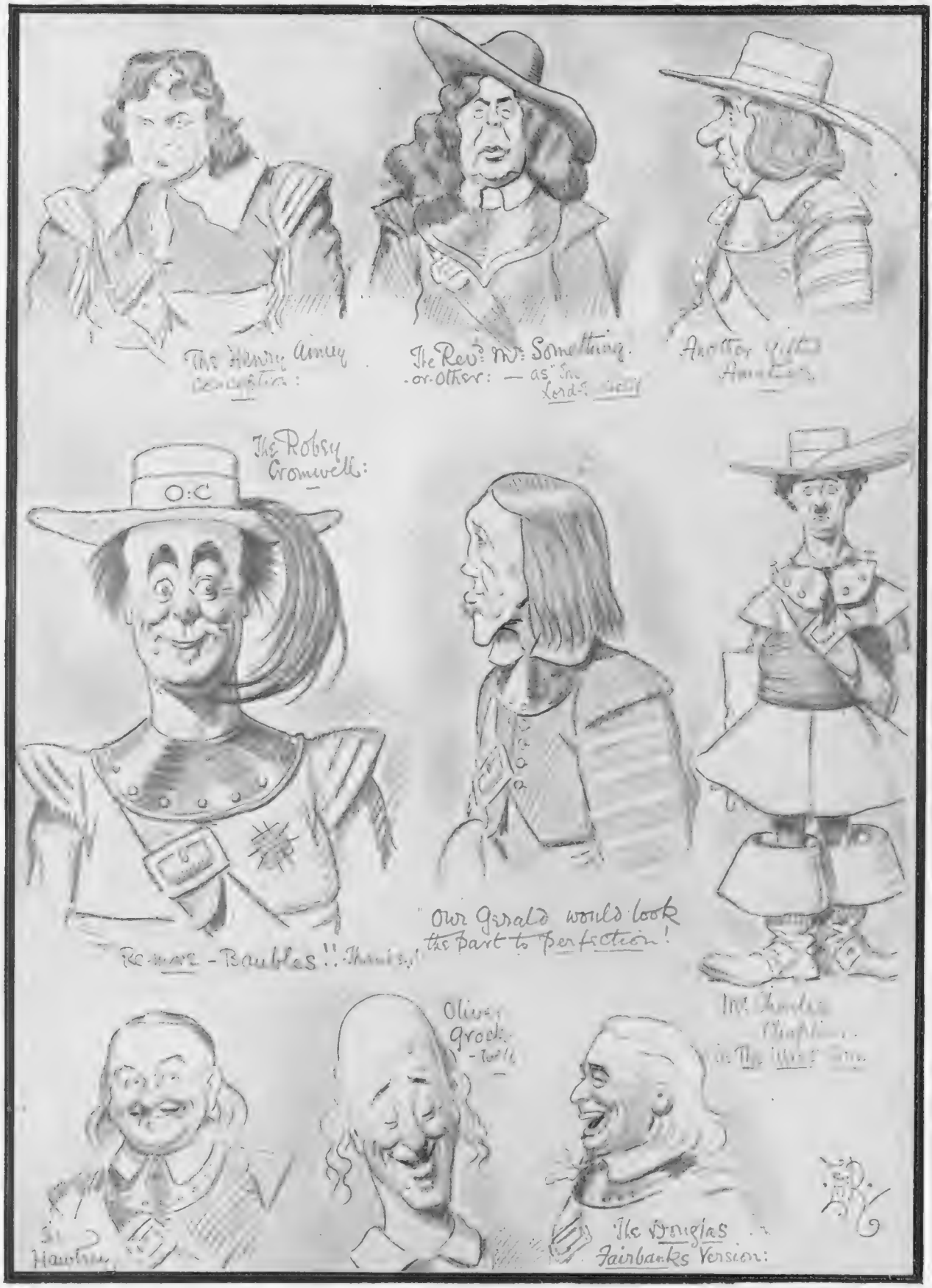
The Bystander, February 21, 1923 No. 1003 Vol. LXXVII.

# The BYSTANDER

*Drawn by Alan Stern at a special sitting for* THE BYSTANDER

## THE HON. DIAMOND HARDINGE

Only daughter of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, until recently British Ambassador in Paris and Viceroy of India from 1910 to 1916. Miss Hardinge has recently become engaged to Captain Robert Abercromby, M.C., of the Scots Guards

# A Round-Head Cavalierly Treated

BYE. T. REED

WAS CROMWELL REALLY AS VARIEGATED AS ALL THIS?

If things go on as they promise to do, we shall really get rather a confused impression of his personality

*"All the World's a Stage"*

### Now We Know

A LARGE quantity of valuable stolen goods has been discovered on Sunningdale Golf Course. I have often wondered what those old gentlemen were digging for!

### Putting Theatres "Out of Bounds"

MY few words on the subject of the proposed theatre boycott during Lent have brought me floods of letters couched in much stronger language than I should care to print—much as I agree with the sentiments expressed. These correspondents, who think it a wicked thing to ruin an important industry for the sake of a mere whim, are not actors and managers selfishly exploiting their own ends; neither are they worldly, un-christian folk, anxious to pour ridicule upon religious observance. They are, for the most part, regular church-goers and thoughtful folk, who realise that the Church has nothing to gain from the support of cranks and faddists. Some of them go so far as to say that although they are not playgoers in the ordinary way, they intend to visit certain carefully selected theatres during Lent, as a protest against such ill-advised interference.

### Theatrical Spring Cleaning

I ASKED Robert Evett, the old Savoyard, what he thought of this question of Lenten observance, and his reply was illuminating. "Theatres," he replied, "can be divided into two classes. Those that have a rigid standard of conduct, and those that are—shall we say—not quite so particular. There is not a theatre in London that is staging an objectionable show, because objectionable shows don't pay, but there would be no harm done if playgoers, during Lent, established a slightly more rigid censorship than they are usually in the habit of doing. This would have the effect of spring-cleaning our playhouses, and raise the tone of the theatre generally." I am inclined to agree with this solution of the great Lenten problem.

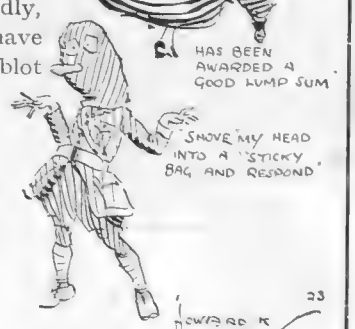
### Look on this Picture—

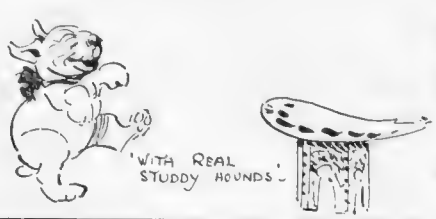
WHILE I don't believe in kicking a man when he is down, I fancy we can overdo the kindness to criminals business. Quite a lot of honest sentiment has been let loose over a murderer who has recently came out of prison after serving a long and, I suppose, well-deserved sentence, while another gentleman charged with drunkenness, was discharged because, apparently, he had come out of Pentonville that afternoon and was celebrating the event.

### —and on This

NOW suppose I had taken "one over the eight" in a patriotic endeavour to celebrate the engagement of the Duke of York or the birth of the King's first grandson. Suppose my enthusiasm had reduced me to the lowly status of an "ambulance case." Do you think the magistrate would have packed me off with his blessing? Not on your life! He would have been a little kindly, a little humorous—and I should have been fined—to say nothing of the blot

(Continued on page 429)



## ENTERTAINMENTS.

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THE GRAFTON GALLERIES CLUB present "THE COLLEGIANS" LOIE FULLER'S BALLET FANTASTIQUES, HARRY TATE & CO. in "Broadcasting," TWO BOBS, ADELAIDE NEWMAN, Etc

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Evenings at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE
Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand Phyllis Dare.

**GAIETY.** (Ger. 2780). JOSE COLLINS
in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

**GLOBE.** (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
THE LAUGHING LADY.
Leslie Faber, Violet Vanbrugh, and Marie Löhr.

**PRINCE OF WALES.** (Ger. 7482).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Fri. & Sat. at 2.30.
THE CO-OPTIMISTS. (6th New Programme).
"The best Show in London"—*Sunday Express.*

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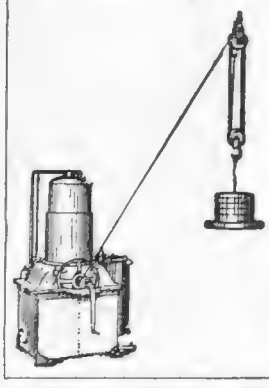
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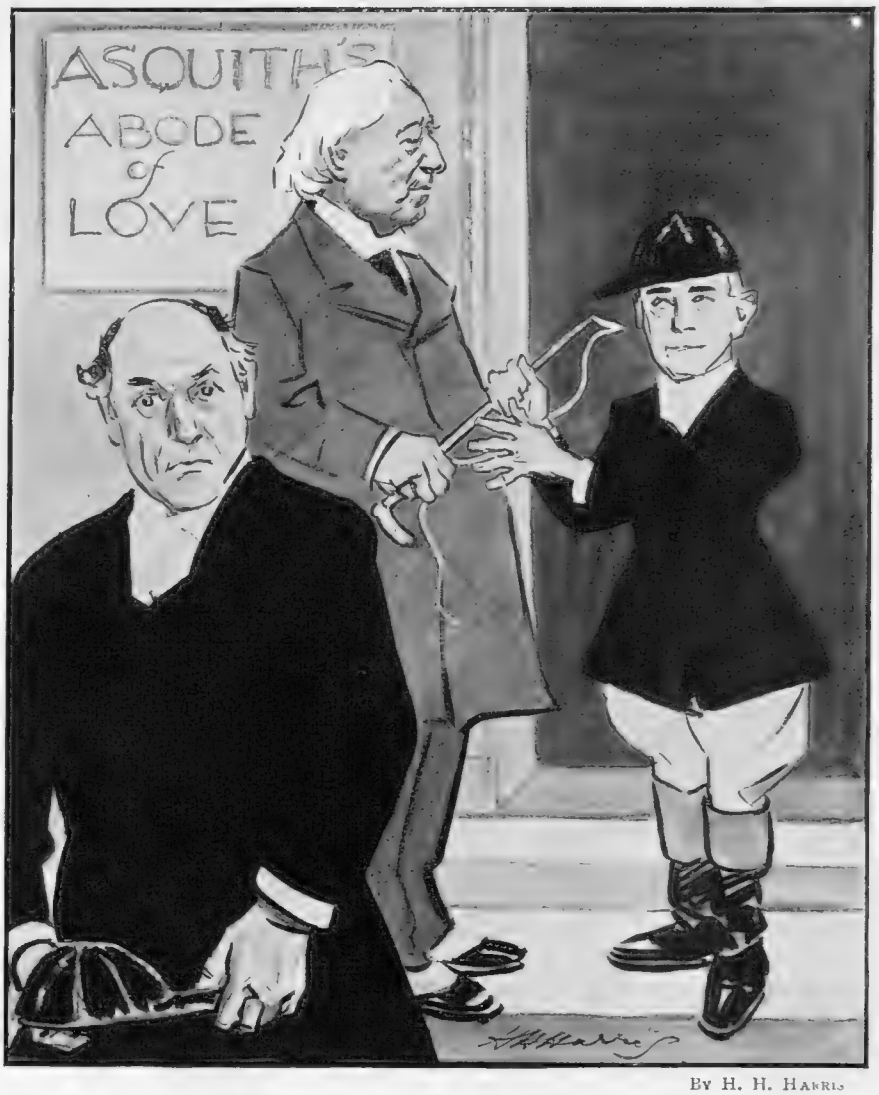
At the AMBASSADEURS. Every Tuesday, Flower Gala. Every Saturday, Grand Gala Dinner.
March 8 (Mi-Carême) Grand Fancy Dress Ball "A Robinson."


Made and Printed in Great Britain

on my hitherto spotless escutcheon. When the Law establishes the fact that it pays to be a criminal—it doesn't pay to be honest.

**Pounds for Pounds**

COURTICE POUNDS, who has been awarded a good lump sum for breach of contract in respect of *The Island King*, was one of the lucky victims who were buried for years in *Chu Chin Chow*, with the result that their names never got into the papers. After all, publicity is the life-blood of theatrical folk, however modest and retiring they may be when they doff the motley, and it is something of a drawback not to get more than one first night in three years or so. In the case of *The Island King*, Courtice Pounds didn't have to work, got the money and the publicity, so I don't suppose he is grumbling.




BY H. H. HARRIS

THE "MODUS 'VIVIAN'-DI" AT ABINGDON STREET

The changing of Whips in the Westminster "Country" is likely to prove as acrimonious as a recent change in the Mastership of a famous Hunt

**Sir Timothy**

MOST of us, I hope, are trying to forget about the War. One has little patience with those young gentlemen who can't forget that they once had three pips on their sleeves, and fought for their country at Lowestoft or Scarborough. But sometimes you get a reminder that sends you back into that strange-dream world, and, when I read of the marriage of Sir Timothy Eden, Bart., I recalled a pleasant young "sub" who taught me to shove my head into a sticky bag, and respond promptly to the "gas alert!"

**Painted Legs—and Ladies**

NOW that one of our most popular gossip-mongers has recalled the case of one Nasmyth, who painted his legs in imitation of a pair of silk stockings, I can see the hosiery trade feeling a terrible draught. It will probably start at the London Sketch Club dance on Friday, when the artists will drive their lady friends mad with envy, by painting their legs in strange and silky hues. From this, it will spread to the drawing-room, where miniaturists will display discreet ankles, and, when revue catches the craze, the artists will paint on, what you might describe as—a larger canvas!

**A Real Artists' Revel**

TALKING of the London Sketch Club Dance, which will be held this year at the Wharncliffe Rooms, it is extraordinary how definitely this merry function has become the representative art gathering of the year. The Chelsea Arts Club ball has developed out of its original character, and is now a purely Society affair, but the "outsider" who manages to get a ticket for the L.S.C. revel next Friday may consider himself very lucky indeed. There are endless prizes, and I fancy José Collins will have to bring her understudy along to help with the presentations. A feature of the dance will be a fox hunt with real Studdy hounds, while the lucky dip will contain hundreds of original sketches.

**At Ciro's**

I STROLLED into Ciro's last week to watch Billy Revel and Floriane, from the Café de Paris, Monte Carlo (and, I *think*, Zelli's, in Montmartre), do their amusing Apache burlesque—such a welcome relief from the inevitable arabesques and gyrations of the conventional exhibition dance. Though the night was a "gala" one I noticed that most of the crowd dispersed before one o'clock. But then Mrs. N. Parker (the quondam Dora) still pokes an alert nose into our doings, and the hasty emptying of goblets and a hurried clearance of golden-necked bottles at 12.30, may have had something to do with it!

# A Command Picture

THE MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, FEBRUARY 28, 1922

Painted by Frank O. Salisbury at the King's Command. Our readers will be interested to know that copies of this picture will shortly be on sale, and can be obtained through THE BYSTANDER by filling in the order form on page 420

*Photograph* G.P.U.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

**The old State Coach, with all its traditional trappings, conveying Their Majesties to Westminster for the opening of Parliament last week**

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

### Old Glories Revived

LOOKING down on the crowd of uniformed or decorated men and be-tiaraed women which literally blocked the staircase at Londonderry House shortly after eleven o'clock on the night before the opening of Parliament, I entirely agreed with the remark made by a dowager beside me:

"It's a comfort to see the fish back again in their proper baskets." She meant the disappearance of the Coalition.

The return to the old lines of demarcation between the political parties, whatever effect it may have politically, gave a brilliance unknown since the War to the official entertaining on the eve of Parliament's assembling, which this year has been restored to its old place. Everybody came on to Lady Londonderry's party from the official Parliamentary dinners given to supporters of the Government. So there were uniforms galore, Levée dress, stars, orders, decorations amongst the men, and a blaze of diamonds and jewels amongst the women.

The party was "To meet the Prime Minister," and Mr. Bonar Law, in the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House, stood at the top of the staircase beside Lady Londonderry and received the guests with her and Lord Londonderry. Lady Londonderry, a gracious, stately figure in black, rippled with diamonds from her head to her waist.

There are few houses, alas! left in London where such a scene of splendour is now possible. There have been many memorable parties since the War, but there has been nothing to equal Lady Londonderry's party "To meet the Prime Minister."

*Photograph* *Topical*

"LE ROY LE VEULT"

**The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York at the opening of Parliament**

*Photograph*] "IN THE KING'S NAME" [*Topical*

**T.R.H. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught at Government House, Cape Town, just after the Governor-General had opened the Union Parliament last month**

### The Opening of Parliament

A FRIEND who was present at the opening of Parliament tells me she was much struck by the small number of peeresses present. There were under a hundred. Of course, a lot of people are away just now in the South of France or elsewhere abroad, but, all the same, even making that allowance, the number of peeresses attending was unusually few, and the fact has been much commented upon.

It is one of the duties of a peeress's position, just as much as it is her husband's, to pay the deference of attendance to the King and Queen. But your very modern young peeress does not see things in that light, and the majority of peeresses in the Lords last week were elderly. A certain proportion, too, were the widows of peers.

*Photograph* *Topical*

A WEDDING RECEPTION AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA

**Our photograph shows (reading from the left) Captain J. Selwyn and the bridegroom, Captain E. D. Everlegh, M.C., A.D.C. to the Governor; and, seated, Lady Katherine Lytton and Lady Hermione Lytton (daughters of the Governor), Her Excellency Lady Lytton, the bride, Miss Ethel Coutts (daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Coutts, of Patna, India), His Excellency Lord Lytton, Governor of Bengal, Mrs. Coutts, the Maharajah of Burdwan, and (in the front) a diminutive page boy and two very prim little flower-girls**

*Photograph* *Vandyk*

AN AMERICAN WEDDING AT WESTMINSTER

**Commander Thaddeus A. Thomson, U.S.N., of Austin, Texas, U.S.A., Assistant Naval Attaché at the American Embassy, and his bride, Miss Lilian Uppercu Newton, the stepdaughter of Lt.-Colonel Herbert Orme, of Wightwick, Staffs, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week**

## "Twelfth Night" and the Stork

A LITTLE band of amateur actors, whose names are well known in the *monde*, gave one of the most unamateurish performances at Esher the other day that I have ever seen. The play was *Twelfth Night*. Miss Marjorie Clarke-Jervoise was a fascinating Olivia; Major A. F. Clarke-Jervoise, who is in the Guards, was not only the drollest of Sir Andrew Aguecheeks, but was largely responsible for the scenery, and Mr. Ralph Alderson gave the most finished of Malvolios. Others in the cast were Captain A. F. Liddell, the Hon. Stephen Powys, and Mrs. E. S. V. Parker-Jervis. It was a really distinguished performance, and the Navy League training ship, the *Stork*, in whose aid it was given, benefited considerably. But I hope this little band of amateurs will do *Twelfth Night* again, and somewhere nearer than Esher, where more people can see them.

MRS. JACK LONDON

**Mrs. London, the widow of the famous American author, recently made the journey from the States to Europe in a cargo boat. She is at present hunting at Pau**

*Photograph* *Topical*

SOME WATERLOO CUP ENTHUSIASTS

**A group of owners and spectators, among whom will be seen Lord Lonsdale, Lady Sefton, Miss Marjoribanks and the Duke of Leeds, watching the coursing at the famous Altcar meeting last week**

## At the Grosvenor Galleries

A GOOD many folk are making their way to the Grosvenor Galleries in these days, where there are four "one-man shows."

Sir John Lavery, Mr. William Rothenstein, Mr. H. J. Gunn, and Miss E. Q. Henriques each have a room to themselves. Mr. Rothenstein's portraits of Augustus John, Lord Robert Cecil, Laurence Binyon and others in the public eye have little groups of the interested about them; Sir John Lavery's pictures of Tangier are glowing studies of colour that set the mind thinking enviously of the warmth and light *là-bas* in these February days. And Miss Henriques's room will delight those who love pictures of still-life. There is a great appeal in their beauty and reality.

### Our Frontispiece

THE Hon. Diamond Hardinge is the only daughter of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, one of the most brilliant of our diplomatists. After a long experience in most of the European capitals, Lord Hardinge became our Ambassador in St. Petersburg, and after that Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He left this post to become Viceroy of India, an interesting repetition of family history, for his grandfather, the first Viscount Hardinge, had been Governor General of India in the forties of the last century. After the War, Lord Hardinge went as our Ambassador to Paris, where the heavy duties of hostess at the British Embassy fell upon Miss Hardinge. She is a close friend of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, but it is doubtful whether she will be a bridesmaid at Lady Elizabeth's wedding with the Duke of York, as her own engagement to Captain Robert Abercromby, of the Scots Guards, has just been announced. Captain Abercromby is the brother of Sir George Abercromby and the son of the Countess of Northbrook, who, as Lady Abercromby, married the second Earl of Northbrook *en secondes noces*.

**"A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST"**

**"Self-portraits," they say in artistic circles, "are inevitable." Mrs. Blakeney Ward, the President of the Society of Women Artists (now "showing" at the Institute Galleries) is apparently no exception. But the result is certainly very charming**

*Photograph* *Topical*

**LADY URSULA GROSVENOR**

**The Duke of Westminster's eldest daughter, who comes of age to-day. The tenants from the Duke's town and country estates are paying her and her father a graceful compliment by making the day an occasion for a presentation**

# The Riviera Week by Week

IF there is one town in Europe where the true carnival spirit is keener than anywhere else it is, surely, Nice. The old public games, which date from the earliest pagan times, have here survived through the centuries, and while the moral character of the festival has fortunately changed, the gaiety and abandon of the natives is still so infectious that every year thousands of visitors from all parts of the world flock to Nice and join in the irresistible fun.

THIS year King Carnival has taken the form of a jovial and picturesque old fisherman, in the costume of a century ago. His majesty made his entry into his capital one bright spring-like evening by moonlight, but the ceremonies really began that morning with a proclamation by mounted heralds and trumpeters at various points around the city. Each time the heralds began to read the announcement their words were promptly drowned by a fanfare, but as few, if any, of the visitors understood the old Niçois language nobody was any the worse.

THE Naval Battle of Flowers at Villefranche, after being held back for a day, turned out to be a great success, and the beautiful little harbour looked at its very best. The Duke of Connaught, Prince George, the Prince of Monaco, the Admiral and officers of the French squadron which attended, the officers of the 15th Army Corps, and a long list of notable visitors were present, and more original and artistic decorated boats have never been seen at Villefranche.

*Photograph* *Le Noir*

**WHAT ARE THEY SEEING?**

**We have decided to give a prize of one polo pony (to be divided equally between the first three winners) for the best solution to this problem picture. Answers must be as brief as poss——[The lunatic's at large again and has caught the competition craze. This is a perfectly serious photograph of the Hon. Mrs. David Leslie Melville, Baron Raoul Schroeders and Major Philip Magor on the Cannes Polo Ground—Ed.]**

*Photograph* *Le Noir*

**AFTER THE GAME**

**Mrs. Winston Churchill, Lady Wodehouse (facing the photographer's fire), and Lord Wodehouse after a Polo Match at Cannes**

PRINCE GEORGE made the most of his time before he returned to London to inspect his first nephew, and left Beaulieu looking remarkably fit. He paid several visits to Cannes and spent one day at the races and another at the polo-ground, where he saw an excellent match. He was at a gala dinner at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, when the new Spanish dancer, Argentina, formed one of the main attractions, and indulged in

*Photograph* *Le Noir*

**WATCHING THE POLO AT CANNES**

**Our photograph shows Mrs. Allan Lehman (left), Miss Sainsbury, Major H. E. Lyons, Mr. Harry Stephen Vernan, the well-known banker, Major Philip Magor, the Hon. Mrs. David Leslie Melville, Mr. Jorges de Parada, the Mexico City player, and Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the Hon. Kenneth Mackay**

many dances himself during the evening. He spent an hour in the baccarat Cercle, but contented himself, like a wise young man, with looking on. Mrs. Francis Ogden gave a dinner and dance in his honour at her charming house, the Villa Cortlandt, near the *château* of Lord Brougham, the guests including Sir Duncan and Lady Orr Lewis, Captain and Mrs. Bradley, Baron de Etta, Colonel T. P. Melvill, Major Colmore, Miss Audrey Meakin, Captain and Mrs. Barrington-White, Lieut. Worgan, Lieut. Gardner, and Mr. Allister MacCormick.

It is long since Cannes was so crowded. Most of the leading hotels have been quite full for some weeks past, and while a number of guests had to return to Town for the re-opening of Parliament their rooms were quickly snapped up by fresh arrivals. Among these are Lady Alexander and Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Sir Leonard and Lady Llewelyn, Princess Poniatowsky, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, Sir Leonard Brassey, Bart., M.P., Prince Murat, Sir Frank Sanderson, of Hull, Sir Leigh Hoskyns and Lady Hoskyns, and Sir Adam Brock.

Captain the Hon. Piers Legh, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, and Mrs. Legh, accompanied by Mrs. Legh's father, Lord Knaresborough, are staying at the Hotel Bellevue, and this has, of course, given fresh cause for hoping that the Prince himself may be here before long. Several members of the Spanish aristocracy are on the Riviera, and it is now highly probable that King Alfonso will come to Cannes for some polo soon. Entertaining on quite a lavish scale is a feature of the season among the owners or tenants of villas, and with the arrival of a few more Royal visitors life will become rather strenuous.

*Photograph* *Le Noir*

**THE GRAND DUKE AND DUCHESS CYRILLE VLADIMIROVITCH**

**With their two daughters at the Villa des Orgues, their lovely home at Cannes**

The harbour at Cannes is filling up rapidly with smart yachts, among them being Colonel Gage's *Amphitrite*, Sir James Knott's *Pearl*, Mr. Theodore Pim's *Rosabelle*, Mr. K. Lee Guinness's *Ocean Rover* (with two racing Sunbeam cars stowed safely away in the hold), M. Lebaudy's *Résolue*, and Mr. Solly Joel's *Eileen*.

Recent arrivals at Hyères include Sir Arnold and Lady White, Lady G. Kintore, Lady H. K. Falconer, General Sir H. Mullaby, and Sir Sydney and Lady Pocock.

*Photograph* *Horn*

**MADEMOISELLE PAULINE DE BELLET**

**Who gave Miss Cecil Leitch a hard match in the French championships at Le Touquet, two years ago. She has been known as the best French lady golfer for many years now**

## GOOD GOLF STORIES : RESULT OF "THE BYSTANDER" :: GOLF COMPETITION No. 1 ::

The prize offered for the best Golf Story heard by our readers has been awarded to—

A. D. HAYS, 13E, HYDE PARK MANSIONS, W.

whose story, in the opinion of the judges, was the best of the *printable* entries. One story sent in—I regret to say it was by a lady—was, unfortunately, not considered quite fit for publication in so sedate a journal as The Bystander. It was, however, considered so good that we have awarded the competitor a consolation prize of a dozen golf balls. We hope to publish shortly a collection of the best of the stories sent in, including, of course, the winning entries.

# Masks and Mummers

BY BLAM

CARNIVAL TIME AT CANNES

# The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass

## No. XI.—THE INTOXICATING QUALITIES OF JAZZ

"Well, Mawruss, I see where the French Government has at last got back at us for Prohibition," Abe Potash declared one morning recently. "They went to work and put such a heavy duty or something on jazz, that it's practically done away with it in France altogether."

"And now I suppose fellers which was figuring on getting a free trip to France by being able to play on the slide trombone has got nothing to fall back on except being appointed by President Harding to study emigration conditions or observing Reparation Conferences, ain't it?" Morris Perlmutter suggested. "Also, Abe, I may as well tell you if you want to get any sympathy out of me, y'understand, that among the businesses which I ain't got no objections to seeing forced to the wall—in addition to drug peddling and bootlegging—is the playing of jazz, jazz bands, jazz music publishers, and the manufacturers of jazz band supplies. In fact, Abe, I would go even further than the French Government, y'understand. I would pass an Eighteenth Amendment to the French constitution which would permit private houses to be searched for saxophones. Also, Abe, I would make it a felony for anybody to possess a trap drummer's outfit, unless he was a duly licensed and registered trap drummer, and then I would pass a law forbidding the licensing of trap drummers."

"Why are you so hard on trap drummers, Mawruss?" Abe asked.

"Because if it wasn't for the trap drummer's outfit, Abe, jazz would be, anyhow, a kind of music, just like no matter how bad a meal is cooked, y'understand, it is, anyhow, food until you begin to put broken dishes, egg shells, and potato peelings into it, when it changes right away from food into, excuse me, garbage. Well, that's the way it is with jazz, Abe. Without the trap drummer, understand me, it is bad enough music, but with him, y'understand, it becomes right away just noise, and gets into the same class with a boiler factory, pile driving, and pneumatic riveting."

"If he would only devote 10 per cent. of the energy to selling garments that he puts into dancing"

"And where do you come in to be such a jazz band expert, Mawruss?" Abe inquired.

"Well, I'll tell you," Morris explained. "Last night I took my wife's sister's daughter Sarah and her intended, a young feller from Kansas City by the name Bettelheimer, to the Palais Ducale Restaurant, y'understand, and if that feller Bettelheim would only devote 10 per cent. of the energy to selling garments that he puts into jazz dancing, Abe, for the first time in my married life, Abe, I wouldn't have to put up a little money to help out one of my wife's relations, y'understand."

"But what has all this got to do with you becoming all of a sudden such a cricket of jazz, Mawruss?" Abe insisted.

"Ain't I told you we was went to the Palais Ducale Restaurant?" Morris protested. "And as I never in all my life slipped so much as a pant's button to a head-waiter in mistake for a dime, y'understand, we was put at the next table to the jazz band. In fact, Abe, the trap drummer and me was sitting so close together that unless somebody took the trouble to come over and investigate personally, y'understand, for all the people knew at the other end of the restaurant, I could have been already the trap drummer's assistant. For pretty near three hours I sat there and watched that feller working at his bench, Abe, and the articles which he operated during that time would have been a heavy stock for a combined house and automobile-wrecker to carry. He probably had several hundred dollars invested in claxton horns, steamboat whistles, imitation horses' hoofs on asphalt pavements, sleigh-bells, cow-bells, and fire-sirens. In addition to this, he also had six different kinds of drums, cymbals, triangle and all the regular accessories, including a Mexican Marimba, a xylophone, four African tom-toms, and a set of cathedral chimes. And I will say this for the feller: he didn't carry anything on the shelves of his departments that he didn't use several times while I was sitting there."

(Continued on page 438)

# Fowl Play

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

WHEN SPRING HANDICAPS

*POTASH AND PERLMUTTER (concluded)*

"You must have had a terrible headache when you went home," Abe remarked.

"I bet yer!" Morris agreed, fervently. "But my wife's niece says that if I had a headache from hearing such jazz, what would Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, or Strauss had if *they* had been there?"

"They're all perfect strangers to me, Mawruss," Abe said, "but I suppose they are some relations of this here feller your niece is going to marry, and no doubt she pulled them on you so as to show that she was marrying into a refined family on account of getting headaches so easy from hearing rotten music, ain't it?"

"All of Bettelheim's relations is in the garment business," Morris said, "which this here Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky and Strauss may have cloak and suit names, y'understand, but they was three such well-known composers that I ain't at all surprised an ignerammus like you never heard tell of them before."

"And I presume, Mawruss, that your poor mother sung you to sleep nights with selections from them great composers before you was six months old even," Abe observed. "Also, Mawruss, when you go to a symphony concert in Carnegie Hall, which to my certain knowledge you went once several years ago, you don't have to have a program on account if the orchestra plays any one of Tschaikowsky's tunes, you immediately recognise it from zu Hause yet!"

"I know good music when I hear it, even when it's played bad," Morris retorted. "Furthermore, Abe, my wife's niece, Sarah, took from some of the most expensive piano teachers in New York for several years piano lessons partly at my expense, and she says that what jazz bands do is they take a composition like Rubinstein's Melody in F, and after switching it over into G or even W, y'understand, they make a fox-trot out of it, and arrange it for a jazz orchestra consisting of three saxophones, two slide trombones, four ukeleles, three fire-gongs, a watchman's rattle, two cuckoo clocks, and an 8.30 p.m. curfew whistle. Is it any wonder that when young people dance to such an orchestra, they forget etiquette, manners, morals and 80 per cent. of the ten commandments?"

"I'm surprised that they should even remember their names and addresses," Abe observed.

"They usually don't until about three o'clock in the morning," Morris declared, "so I don't blame the French Government a bit if they prohibit jazz bands from being imported by America into France. In fact, Abe, I wonder why some of our own reformers ain't got busy and put this here synthetic, bootleg, moonshine music into the same class as Christmas Scotch and etherised beer."

"For my part, Mawruss, I wonder why people prefer this here substitute, mountain dew music when they can get the genwine, aged in the wood, pre-Volstead music?" Abe said.

"Drinkers would prefer bootleg liquor to pre-Volstead liquor too, Abe, if they found they could get twice as much kick out of it with no headache to speak of the next morning," Morris said.

"But just the same, Mawruss, it would be an awful hard job to enforce a Volstead Law against jazz," Abe declared. "Which nowadays, if an enforcement officer confiscates a stock of liquor, y'understand, all that he couldn't get rid off among his friends, y'understand, he could simply knock the necks off of the bottles and pour the contents down the sewer, understand me, but if such an enforcement officer was to confiscate the illicit stock of a jazz band trap drummer, Mawruss, what is he going to do with it? None of his friends is going to want a set of sleigh bells or four assorted fire gongs no matter *how* musical they are, and he couldn't dispose of a set of Cathedral chimes and several full sized claxton horns by pouring them down the sewer—not without seriously upsetting the general health of the community."

"There wouldn't be so many violations of an anti-jazz law to take care of as there is to an anti-booze law," Morris said, "which anybody could operate a still in his cellar, and unless the neighbors informed on him, Abe, who is going to know about it? But if somebody operates an illicit jazz band, understand me, he could no more conceal it than he could expect to get away with a display of rockets and Roman Candles in violation of a city ordinance against setting off fireworks."

"At that, Mawruss," Abe remarked, "I think you are making too much fuss about the harmful effect of jazz bands. If young ladies has got such dispositions that they can't be trusted to dance to the music of a jazz band, Mawruss, then to my mind, they should ought to be chaperoned carefully while passing a fireproof building before the steel beams is all up and the hammering finished."

"You ain't no judge of that, Abe," Morris said, "because even with an ordinary band, you have got such a poor ear for music that you couldn't tell one note from another."

"Sure, I know, Mawruss, but I can tell a boiler explosion when I hear it, and I can also distinguish it from a collision in which a truck loaded with steel rails runs into a glass inclosed trolley car," Abe concluded, "and they all of them have exactly the same effect on me as a jazz band."

By Cecil Nicholson

**GIVING THE WORLD A "DEUCE" OF A TIME**

**The Tenth Year of the High Royal Olympus (uns)Table Tennis Tournament**

# Scouting Suggestion

BY STAN TERRY

THE COLONEL: "What a jolly ring. Engagement, eh?"
CYNTHIA: "No—just a skirmish"

# Peggy Non-Plussed !

*Photograph* G.P.U.

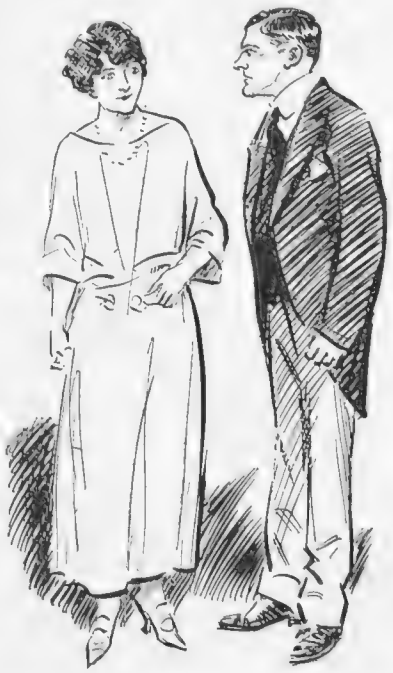
PEGGY O'NEIL STEPS INTO "THE BYSTANDER" AND——SEES HERSELF "GOING TO PRESS"

Miss O'Neil said she enjoyed reading about "Plus Fours" in our recent number, and that we'd "sure made her the cutest kid ever." So in order to know how such things were done she came, and saw—and, incidentally, conquered the editorial staff

# IF WINTER COMES

BY "JINGLE."
*Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*
*Produced on January 31, 1923*

I FEEL like a pariah and a Vandal, and other hard words in having to make the contrite admission that I have not read the book which "everybody" has been talking about for the past year or so. But Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings has very adroitly shaped the main features of the story (as I assume) into dramatic form, and I know at least more now of the glittering masterpiece than I did before. It is the case of an individual trying to fight Convention single-handed — Sabre *contra mundum*, as it were—and we know that all through history that kind of person has necessarily got it in the neck. Convention, however badly it may be punished, invariably comes up to the count. The pavement shrieks at you to Walk on the Left: but when the man in front of you, who is two sizes bigger than you are, wants to know urgently why in thunder you can't keep to the right like other people, Convention retains the championship.




I DO not see how Mark Sabre could have expected anything but a heap of trouble as the result of his strange behaviour. It is one of the first axioms of Convention that the man who goes out of his way to defend an unmarried mother is actuated by a guilty motive.

NOT that, as far as I can see, the circle in which Mark Sabre moves is in danger of being shocked by a little irregularity or so. To begin with, on his return unexpectedly from the front on leave, his first warm greeting is from the maidservants, to whom he playfully appeals to go out of the room in marching order. This may be a symptom of extreme innocence, but I think myself that when innocence is as guileless as that, it wants a bit of watching.

THEN Sabre appears to be contemplating some kind of intrigue with the worldly Lady Tybar, with whom he was once in love. Of course, his sympathy with her may have been entirely disinterested; but when a lady confides to a gentleman friend that her husband has elected to take his leave in Paris with one of his other women, the road is certainly open for a good deal of fantastic volubility, to say the least. Then Mrs. Sabre has the beginnings of a clear intrigue with Major Millet, so that the abrupt arrival on the scene of Effie Bright, the lady secretary, with a fatherless baby, would seem to be merely the logical sequence of breathing the air of the Sabre household.

WE have to assume, however, that Mark Sabre is a young man actuated by the purest and loftiest motives. He is an idealist, pure and simple, and such dear people have ever been misunderstood by the worldly wise. Mr. Owen Nares certainly gives the character a sweet and artless aspect, and I am sure that the gentle kiss he imprints on the brow of the erring Effie is prompted by sheer compassion alone. But Convention would, of course, put its own construction on the kindly act—and so they would in the smoking-room of the Club. Mrs. Sabre, who, I understand, is quite a horrid person in the novel, is equally so in the play; and she is represented to the life by Miss Grace Lane. Mrs. Sabre is clearly out of sympathy with her husband's idealistic temperament. She thinks

Sabre's sentimental regard for the two-and-eightpence that represents his first day's pay as a soldier, quite absurd for a man in his strong financial condition; and when he tries to expound to her a sonorous verse from the forty-fifth Psalm that has taken his fancy, she considers merely that he is mixing his metaphors, and leaves it at that. It seems pretty clear that this childless couple would in any case have drifted apart pretty soon, whether Effie had come into the picture or not. And strictly between ourselves I think Mark would have been well rid of the lady.

CONVENTION works its way steadily through the piece. When Effie returns home with her unauthorised baby, her father turns her out of doors. This, of course, is strictly conventional. When she dies by her own hand, to a great extent as the result of his harshness, he tries to put the blame for the disaster on somebody else. This is, if anything, more strictly conventional still.

WHEN Effie comes to Sabre's house with her baby, and pleads to be given shelter for the night, the conclusion is come to that unless Sabre admits her she will have nowhere else to go but the gutter. But there are an awful lot of nice places between the gutter and a well-to-do man's home. What people will not do out of sympathy, they will frequently do when the transaction is raised to a spot-cash basis. I think if I had been Mark I would have run round to the "Old Dun Cow" or the "Goat and Compasses" and ordered the landlord to prepare a room for a lady and her child under the terms of the Public Inns Act, Vict., Cap., Sec., and all the rest of it. It would at least have given the atmosphere of the old home time to cool down a bit.

HELEN SPENCER as EFFIE
OWEN NARES as MARK SABRE

HELEN SPENCER AS EFFIE

HIGH AND LOW JINKS WITH MARK SABRE

ONE of the most powerful scenes in the play is that between Sabre and his wife when he is called upon to choose between her and that — that — creature! Mrs. Sabre announces, after the choice has been made, that she will go back to her father. I think, however, in such a play of the conventions as this, she might have been allowed to say she would go back home to mother. That is so much more conventional. The arrangements for the suicide are very delicately presented. Effie just puts a bottle of poison and a glass on a table and sits beside them with a heavy heart, and the curtain falls on that. In the old days, the lady who had taken poison was expected to clutch several times at her throat and to flop across the sofa at least twice, before handing in her checks. Mr. Macdonald Hastings has modernised this branch of the tragedy with great success. The scene at the coroner's court is most businesslike, and has, I suppose, been taken from life, though it is quite unlike the court of a Crowner's 'quest that it was once my duty to attend. (No, I was not the corpse, thank you.)

I SUPPOSE it was necessary for the sake of local colour and other ingredients to drag in the early days of the War when our boys were joining up at Kitchener's call; though there may be others like myself who are not grateful for the revived memory. But Sabre's destiny is largely linked up with his career in the army; and it is quite a relief to his wife to hear that he is to have a commission as she thinks it so bad for the servants to see that the master is only a private after all.

MR. FREDERICK VOLPÉ as a fat parson on the make, presents an amusing picture of unctuous rectitude; and Mr. Tarver Penna gives a very clear-cut picture of a man who, though a bit of a rogue, cannot control his feelings when his only son joins up. Mr. Macdonald Hastings has done his work of dramatisation very deftly, and I hope the play will repeat the phenomenal success of the book. JINGLE

## A MODERN OMAR

*Two tickets for the dear old Albert Hall:*
*A stirrup cup before the Fancy Ball,*
*And thou, beside me, in a limousine—*
*I've nothing to complain about at all!*

R. A.

AU RESTAURANT

# LE MONDE AT MONTE

□ □

A few bits and pieces of that gay kaleidoscopic world — and half-world — which revolves so gaily round its magnetic Monte Carlo axis.

*SKETCHED BY ROSE LE QUESNE*

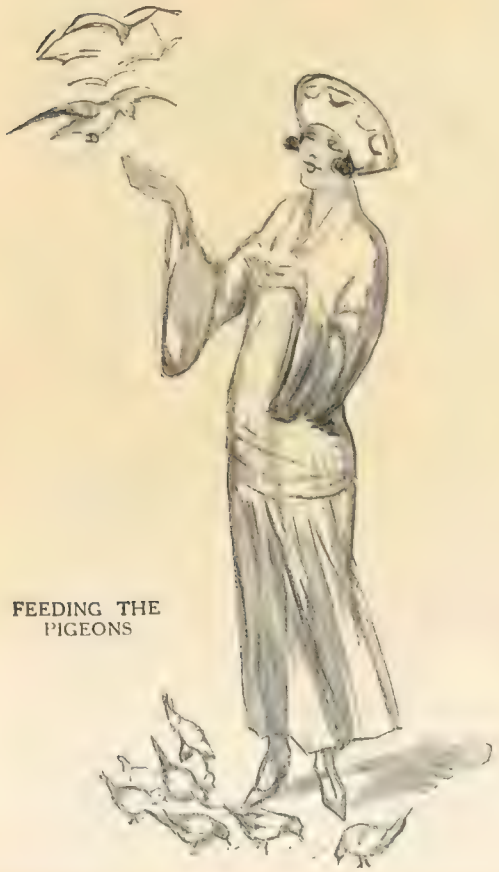
A LITTLE POWDER

VIVE LE "JAZZ"!

AT THE THEATRE

ON THE TERRACE

AU "BAR" LE SOIR



FEEDING THE PIGEONS

OFF TO THE SPORTS CLUB

# On the Côte d'Azur

BY HELEN McKIE

THE "BATTLE" OF FLOWERS

# OTHER MEN'S WOMEN

## No. VII.—THE WOMAN WHO SERVES. By DELL LEIGH

HER unofficial motto, the one which symbolises her most aptly, is the same as that of the eldest son of English Kings, namely, "*Ich Dien*."

Unfortunately, her race is dying out, owing to the prevailing egoism and ambition of her class. But some remain. We all know one, somewhere. Although serving, she is not a servant, in the sense that one speaks of servants. She is a retainer, and in process of time, and by unfailing service she becomes an acknowledged equal — in many cases a better.

The servant class as a whole, male and female, treat her with a profound respect and a secret fear. This army of trouble-brewers she holds in a sniffing contempt, and rules them with a vipery tongue, and a complete knowledge of their wanglings and subterfuges, though never having practised either herself. Yet in service she has been longer than any of the younger generation of her masters or mistresses can remember, by whom she is vaguely described and universally accepted as just "Nannie."

Intimate friends, and even relations of the Family who are constantly about the house have never heard her real name. Any other name, such as "Sarah Gardner," or "Edith Fuelling," which would have to be affixed to her in Courts of Law and Polling Booths would cause raised eyebrows of astonishment.

"*Who*? Who on earth is Edith Fuelling? O—oh! Nannie, you mean. How extraordinary it sounds. Is that her name? Good heavens, I never knew that."

Nobody can remember her as a young woman. She always seems to remain the same age. She never seems to have fallen in love, or "walked out" with a young man, or been ill or married, or had any of the exciting things of life happen to her. Her contemporaries in age in the household, her supposed mistress, the head woman of the family, whom she nursed as a child, could presumably tell you things about her, the things, I mean, that are happening all the time to you and me. But they never do. Nannie and her real mistress have a sort of tacit understanding about life, on which they confer and plan apart, in the seclusion of bedrooms and places where lesser folk do not enter. But you never hear anything of all this. The Family as a whole accept "Nannie" as an established fact; just as they accept Shrove Tuesday, and Summer Time, and carol singers long before Christmas.

Sub-consciously it is not, to her, a family at all. It is a kingdom. A kingdom in which she has risen, a faithful and devoted subject, to a place of high eminence, authority. In which she is, in fact, the Privy Council, composed of one commanding Personality. She is oblivious of any other world outside the realms of her kingdom, and only turns her attention to it when its unkind machinations, such as war or an epidemic, affects her kingdom's subjects. When she speaks about the Family's interests as a whole, which is not often, and only in times of a sudden bereavement, when wills are read, or in the case of a contemplated marriage which is to her mind questionable, the word falls from her lips in obvious capital letters.

"He is not a member of the FAMILY, you see; that's the pity of it. Of course, if he was . . ."

The unfinished sentence is pregnant with meaning. You feel that if he was, therein would lie his salvation. But as he is not he is merely an object for pity, an unfortunate.

No one seems to know, either, at precisely what period of the Family's history Nannie took over the reigns of silent government. But govern she undoubtedly does, at times despotically, when other people have lost their heads, and are raging aimlessly up and down rooms, but always with a fanatical allegiance to the rights and properties of the Family's members, to the damnation, if necessary, of all who are not of the elect circle.

"Nannie"

Round her revolves the Family's joys, sorrows, and successes, the latter grossly but convincingly exaggerated to all wonder-struck outsiders. You feel in her description of young Master Harry having won a scholarship that it was attributable clearly to the fact that Nannie used to "hear him over" with his lessons in the day-nursery years ago. When Miss Rosalie becomes engaged to the son of a shipping magnate, the smug satisfaction which sits for a week on Nannie's face, hints that she, and she only, could throw a fierce light on the name of the unknown culprit who locked the door of the walled kitchen garden, so that they were not released for two hours. When the sailor son, Jim, her favourite, is not only not axed out of the Navy (you could see the dread sitting in her eyes about this for a month of hideous

uncertainty), but gazetted as Flag-Lieutenant to a departing Cruiser Squadron, her grim satisfaction as she packs his sea-going kit (knowing exactly what he will want for the China Station) implies that perhaps the corridors of the Admiralty are not entirely ignorant of the sheen of her black alpaca dress, or the faint squeak of her elastic-side, glacé kid boots with the square, lumpy toes.

Her life in the Family consists of a complete abnegation of self. She has no time for amusement or inclination for leisure.

All members of the Family, of both sexes, come to her sitting-room with troubles to throw off and buttons to sew on. If she is not there when required, being at the moment cumbered below stairs, like Martha, with much serving of some other member, she is shouted for querulously,

"I say, come *on*, Nannie, I can't wait *all* night, you know!"

Her sitting-room is strewn with odd, valueless knick-knacks, Christmas gifts from Members (nobody has ever heard of her birthday), or discarded toys of their youth, which are reverently handled and meticulously dusted daily. Her drawers are stuffed to bursting with memorable pieces of family linen ("that's the pillow-case your mother's head rested on, dearie, when you were born; now fold it up properly, there's a good girl"), and all the heterogeny of home-made and forgotten fancy dresses of several generations, stored in camphor, on the principle that "you never know—what with Master George coming home soon an' all, and him such a one for dressing up, too."

Members are known by no other names than "Master Phil," or "Miss Sybil," though both Phil and Sybil have now virile children of their own.

You perceive that in her unflagging service she grows old. But only because it is pointed out to you, an impartial observer, by another impartial observer.

The Members never notice it. She is just Nannie, the eternal and unchangeable, and that is all there is to it.

She takes on, too, some of the glamour of those she serves.

There is, let us assume, an unofficial *réunion de famille*, for some week-end tennis and a general rag. Two of the sailor brothers have short leave, and other Members bring down husbands and wives. The small house (the Family have been profiteered during the War) is filled to the last sofa. It is she who cooks the delicious cakes that are eaten on the tennis lawn; She who helps to make the beds in the morning; She who takes the helm in the stifling kitchen all day; She who carves on the table in the hall at night; She who, during the heat and burden of the rag, inveigles you into the cleared dining-room with the insidious whisper: "Would you like a peg?" and mixes you a "double" to the correct sixteenth of an inch.

She who knows all the trains back to Paddington, and those to be avoided which mean changing at Slough; She who sees that your bag is packed in the morning; and She who is at hand with the third rasher of bacon at the grumpy breakfast, though she got to bed at four, on the boarded-over bath, her room having been commandeered.

But throughout the week-end she is with you, and of you. Nobody thinks it the least odd that Nannie should be sitting hunched in a deep chair in a corner of the drawing-room, her red hands beating a soft time on her lap, her eyes dimmed with the joy of him, her toothless mouth crooning the verses of Master Jim's most popular song, and prompting him instantly and correctly when he turns involuntarily to her with:

"Dash it! It's years since I sang this—er—how does it go, Nannie?"

She is the headstone in the corner of the Family Structure.

And when, serene, patient, smiling to the last, her prolonged period of service draws to its splendid end, and she retires permanently to the bed-sitting-room they have given her, Members come and make casual obeisance. For a long time even then, though confined to one chair, shawl-covered, placid, stone deaf, her gouty, shapeless fingers continue their ministrations with "bits of knitting" for first borns of the Family's family. She serves triumphantly with a great tenderness and a great humility to the tranquil end.

And at the very end, when Nannie's chair is replaced by the bed, and she lies in it comatose and incoherently fretful at her inactivity, only then, and for a brief period, is she served. For the first time in a long life does she see Members padding softly about the room in her service; and her old eyes follow them in their solicitous movements with grave disapproval.

Until they become too heavy to be upheld any longer, and close . . .

When the cable announcing her passing goes to the uttermost ends of the earth, outlying Members reading it find it difficult to realise the fact. She was always *there*, somehow, since the very beginning of things, and before that.

However——

"Well, poor old thing, it's a merciful relief. She was getting to be a bit of a problem in the house. She had become frightfully old and infirm, don't you know, the last few years. . . ."

By H. C. Gafferon

BOARDED OUT!

SHE: "Daddy used to be in the advertising profession, but had to give it up as the boards hurt his shoulders too much"

# A Reel Tonic

BY WILMOT LUNT

WILLY: "Won't you come to the pictures, Dad?—there's an awful hair-raising fillum to-night"

# THE BYSTANDER IN BARCELONA

By F. R. BURROW

SPAIN is a sleepy country; but there are places in it that are quite wideawake. Barcelona is one of them. Four out of every five sportsmen in Spain live in Catalonia, and four out of every five sportsmen in Catalonia live in Barcelona. If you like to take the trouble you can easily work out Barcelona's proportion of sportsmen to that of all the rest of Spain put together. It is too hot here in Barcelona for me to do it for you.

THEY *are* sportsmen, too. "Fut-bol," hockey, polo, *pelota* (the fastest and best of all ball-games), golf, lawn tennis—all these pastimes the Barcelonian takes to like a duck to water. The "fut-bol" is mainly Association. "We do not play the Rugby football, no!" said a man to me at the club yesterday. "It suit not our national temperament, no. We play Rugby at the one time, but he too dangerous. We had the seven legs and the three arms broken in that contest, yes. He is too much of excitement!" But the scenes when Newcastle United or Tottenham Hotspur bring home "The Cup" are mere prayer-meetings to what happens in Barcelona when Spain beats France at "Soccer," as happened a little time ago. One of the papers published a special sixteen-page issue consisting entirely of descriptive letterpress and photographs of this one match alone. Oh, they are sportsmen all right.

THE Barcelonians expect a few showers in April, and sometimes get them; but never at any other time of the year. Consequently, it's a bad city for cobblers to live in, for only the upper classes wear boots. All those who look twice at a *peseta* before spending it go comfortably shod in list or canvas slippers. Yet those who do wear boots are for ever having them shined.

BARCELONA prides itself on being the most up-to-date city in Europe. And it has claims. Indeed, it is a little in advance of most continental cities in the hours it keeps. True, it lunches at one, but it teas (and dances) from 6.30 to eight, dines at 9.15, and starts for the theatre or the opera or the cinema at about 10.45, arriving shortly after the curtain has gone up for the first act. I have not yet discovered at what hour the native Barcelonian goes to bed—if at all. A paternal municipality, by the way, does not allow you to smoke in a cinema. If you are discovered doing so you are not only hurled out with great violence on to a very hard pavement, but arrested and fined three hundred *pesetas*—in other words, "ten of the best." I take no Jackie Coogan in mine.

*Photograph*] LAWN TENNIS AT BARCELONA [*J. B. Gilbert*

**H. H. Cochet, of France, successfully defended his title at the Barcelona covered courts championships, defeating J. B. Gilbert in three close sets. Our photograph (taken by Mr. Gilbert) shows the British team: W. C. Crawley (captain) on the left, D. M. Greig, Miss McKane (eclipsed, but only temporarily, as she beat Mrs. Beamish in the final of the ladies' singles), Mrs. Beamish; and F. R. Burrow, the honorary referee**

SAID municipality, however, is not devoid of the sporting instincts of Barcelonians generally. I should like to see the city in England which would vote £5,000 towards putting up a couple of covered lawn tennis courts, even to have a World's Championship played on them. But the City Fathers of Barcelona have just done that. And they have spent their money well, for the courts are the best in the world, both by daylight and by artificial light. So say, at least, the picked players of seven or eight European nations who are, as I write, furiously contesting the Championships upon them. Even the French admit their excellence, and, to a Londoner, Queen's Club and Dulwich are sarcophagi of gloom beside them. Danes and Poles, Swiss and Portuguese, and the solitary, but sociable, Rumanian—all are delighted to play on them. They never will again, though, for the courts are to be pulled down the very day after the tournament is over. I wonder by the way, if there is a Ratepayers' Association in Barcelona!

MEDITERRANEAN, sapphire-blue in the sunshine, in front; a range of hills which, in other countries, would be mountains, behind; give to Barcelona a fine setting for its beautiful White City. Take a walk in it in the very early morning (very early morning means "nineish," in Barcelona) when the covered market-carts are jingling in from the country, baskets slung under them, and a watch-dog chained to the tail of each cart; when the goats' milk man sits at the street corner with a little herd of thirty black goats ready to give you fresh milk while you wait; when the recruits are raggedly drilling in front of the Law Courts (I *should* say, of course, the Palace of Justice!); when the white-stockinged black-frocked little schoolgirls are being led over the dangerous crossings by their nurses; when the dew is still glistening on the palms and magnolias of the park; when the tree-cutters are showering down branches of planes, with last year's leaves brown and dead still on them—there is no wind or frost in Barcelona—on to the broad pathways, caring nought for the convenience, or even safety, of the passer-by—that is the time to see the White City at its best. Noonday is garish: afternoon is dazzling: night is hectic. The wise seeker of beauty is "off to Barcelona—in the morning."

P.S.—I believe this to be the only account of Barcelona that has ever been written in which the word "nuts" has not been mentioned. Treasure it, if only on that account.

# Some Solutions to the Reparation's Problem—

BY ALFRED LEETE

## —Not by Our Financial Expert

# "... And the Glory that was Rome"

*Photograph* — *Violet F. Nicholls*

**CATS' CRADLE!**

A portion of the famous Forum of Trajan at Rome, built somewhere about 113 A.D., to celebrate the triumphs of the Dacian wars. It is now used as a home for stray cats — and in Rome to-day there are many feline applicants for its "bed and breakfast"

# New Frocks and Democracy

By "ROLAND." *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

ONE does suppose that there is not really the connection between the new frocks and the democracy. Yet, somehow, has it not been possible for me to dissociate them. Perhaps it may be because that one has lived in such an atmosphere of the new frocks in the few weeks of the past that one cannot avoid to make them the background, or the foreground, *en effet*, the whole of the grounds—for all the other events or conclusions.

ONE does not know whether it is the confidence in the improvement of trade, or the confidence in the increased capacity of the modern woman—that is an enhanced capacity of persuasiveness, in the presence of which the disarmed male cannot resist the impulse to sign one, or several, cheques—but never have the "creators" of the frocks been so vigorously enterprising as in this present season of the fashions for spring.

ONE has been inundated with the invitations for the "openings," and though, after to have accepted the request of Patou, Lenief, Carat and Tollmann, I have fallen out of the race, I feel still to be in the swirl of the new *robes*, and unable to expel from my dreams the dominant vision of *rouge et noir*. For the red and black, as you must know, are the colour-conquerors. However it may be that the choice has been originally made, one has not the information, but as to the power of triumph there is not the question.

THE combination—for it is a combination and not a rivalry—has the sway to exercise over you which is irresistible. There is not any use to combat against it. You are subdued by the authority of it from the outset. *Rouge et noir* could seem to be associated with the game of chance. There is, indeed, the story that the choice of the colour scheme has originated in the Casino at Nice. If so, that is of the most peculiar. In Paris we have not had any chance against it. We have, as I have pathetically mentioned, merely had to sign cheques.

AND it does not seem as if it should be a profitable gamble for Nice. So many of the cheques will have been signed in Paris, that there shall be not anything left for the tables at Nice. And Monte Carlo must surely protest against such a competitive fashion. If these resorts can have the affection for Jean Patou, one shall have the surprise.

THEY cannot deny, however, to have the respectful admiration for M. Patou in his invention of the modern manner to "launch" his new models, which many of the other dress artists have now copied. Jean Patou has made a study of the "susceptible" hours of the day, and he has decided that they are the two hours before midnight. Thus does he invite one to face the assault of his irresistible creations at the hour when one can be most enthralled.

"Butterflies on the arm"

"Absolutely tight"

MOST of the *revues* of Paris have long been principally a parade of dresses, and Patou succeeds to stage a super-revue under the conditions which are much more delightful than in the halls of music. The ceaseless flow of champagne, the ices, the wafer sandwiches of *pâté de foie gras*, make one feel to be the personal guest, as one does not ever feel to be at the theatre. There are the others, as has been said, who have appropriated the ideas of M. Patou, but as an innovator he is always able to rest a little ahead.

WHICH is of the most important, for it is but in the incidentals that a house may hope to

triumph. In the affair of the frocks themselves, all of the better houses have reached the such stage of excellence that it is almost futile to try to distribute the praise. Certainly

"The disdainful old marquise"

I would not venture upon the so dangerous task. One is content to take them as the common perfection and to reserve the comments for the differences in the fashion. And even these, on this occasion, do not offer much of the scope.

THE changes appear to be but slight, though they are quite sufficiently emphasised to compel the lady, who is under the necessity to be in the forefront of fashion, to renew the wardrobe. A little more here, a little less there, a pull this way and a twist the other—just these tiny little touches, but enough to make the *robe* of last season a thing of another age. Skirts have again become a little longer, yet, perhaps, there may not be the need for the additional material. Formerly the gowns have been fitted snugly to the figure; now they may be called tight. One does imagine there must be the gain in the *étoffe* there which shall compensate for the additional centimetres in the length of the skirt. Perhaps, perhaps not.

IN the ornamentations which one has seen recently has been an incidental of fashion which may have given the origin to the *idées flottantes* about the association of the new frocks and the democracy, though one does not care to stress this. Some of the *demoiselles* have displayed a butterfly *aux ailes battantes*. The *papillon* has been attached to a ribbon of the similar colour to their *robes*, and has added a delightful effect. Well, always there is the demand at the inauguration of a such fantaisie to seek the origin, and the cynics have recalled the habit of the girl Apache. She has been very fond to display the butterfly on the arm, but she has preferred to have it tatooed.

"Have clasped the waist of a midinette"

PERHAPS that it may be overbold on the part of the cynics to affirm that the new *mode* is a copy of the Apache custom, but it has to be avowed that the *dames du grand monde* have now acquired the habit to mingle with their sisters of the lower strata, which could have caused their ancestresses to lose their *perruques* in the astonishment. One has not the difficulty to imagine the look of disdain with which one of the haughty persons of the time of the *marquises* would have heard the news that the *grandes dames* have founded a restaurant-home for the *midinettes*. Also the question in the eyes, "Why should the poor eat?"

BUT the *marquises* of to-day have not only done this, but the much more terrible things. They have actually made merry with the *midinettes*, which is, of course, most dreadfully shocking. The old *marquises* must have been made most uncomfortable in their coffins by the catastrophe. For it has been revealed that the *marquises* and the *princesses* are subject in these present times to the same impulses as the *demoiselles de magasins*.

IN this case it has been the wicked influence of the jazz, which the lady of title has been not any more able to resist than has *petite-main*. After the *repas* at the inauguration, the orchestra has chanced to play a languorous fox-trot. The *midinettes* have invited one another to dance. The daughters of the *grandes dames* have been unable to keep still, and, in the default of a sufficiency of themselves, have had the temerity to clasp the waist of a *midinette*. Then the *grandes dames* themselves have succumbed, and the delicate *marquises* have folded themselves in the strong embrace of Mlles. Durand and Dubois, and—devastation of tradition—(despite!) the unusual vigour of the hug they have freely avowed that they have liked it.

ROLAND

# The Casuals

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

If you want to pay them a compliment and, at the same time, to enunciate the plain unvarnished truth, you say that the Casuals come next after the Corinthians. Both aim at attracting to their ranks all that is best and brightest in amateur "Soccer," and it is a greater honour to be a Corinthian. But there is nothing but amity subsisting between the two. Many famous players have been, and are, members of both clubs, and they have this year entered upon a joint tenancy of a new ground at the Crystal Palace, where a new era of prosperity evidently awaits them

# That Young Feeling

*By Blanchette.* Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Lunching at the Ritz, one of the new generation of flies fell into my Bollinger"

LONDON, *February* 19

DEAR COUSIN—

AM feeling, somehow, really rather nice and young to-day. Sort of youthful and untired and full of zest and vim and *joie de vivre*, and with the clear eyes and unclouded brow of early juvenescence, and all that sort of thing. *Et pourquoi*, or, in other words, 'cos why?

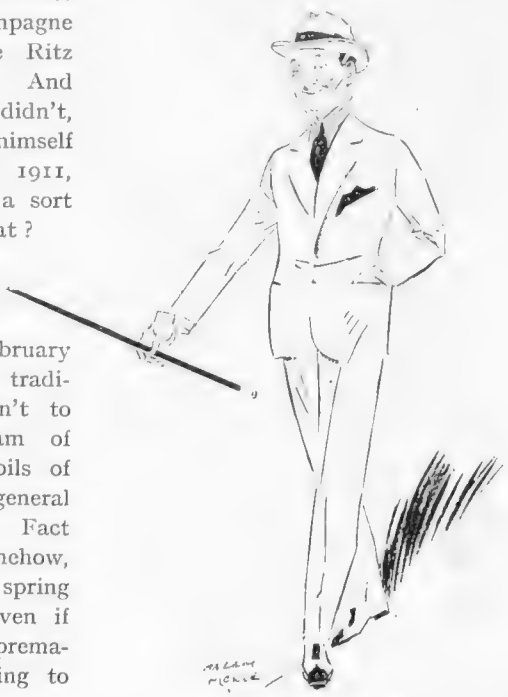
PARTLY, I think, 'cos the world does really seem to be beginning to wake up again. Am always rather cautiously and cynically doubtful, meself, about these early springlike efforts. When the birds start singing tra-la-la-la-la in the early morn, and the crocuses push their lovely little golden noses right far out of the earth, and the trees and bushes begin unexpectedly budding, and there's a sort of general whisper wirelessing around about how something new and strange and wonderful's going to happen quite soon. . . . .

NOT to be altogether relied on, though. So many false alarms there always are—aren't there?—'bout this time of year—or hopes, rather. But cert'nly there are signs and symptoms. For one thing, very first of the new generation of flies fell into my glass of champagne when I was lunching at the Ritz this very day as ever is. And didn't so very much mind, I didn't, even his going and drowning himself in the very best Bollinger 1911, 'cos of his being, after all, a sort of harbinger of spring—what?

ALL wrong, of course. Spring, I mean, and thoughts of spring. In these February days, when, 'cording to all tradition and reason, we oughtn't to be even beginning to dream of emerging from our winter toils of greyness and chilliness and general cheerlessness, ought we? Fact remains, though, that, somehow, here and there at moments spring *has* started at last . . . even if it's only furtively and prematurely, and not at all according to the book.

GOOD old British frost to-morrow, I 'spect, or next day at latest. Well, shouldn't so very much mind that, either. 'Cos, after all, what we're all longing for is a proper all-British spring, is not it? And that simply *can't* happen and be real and complete and *selon les règles*, so to speak, without, anyway, some ice and snow and an influenza wave or two thrown in.

AM also just a little bit bucked, cheered, and confirmed in my b'lief that it's not such a bad world here in England now, by news from the Sunny South that they've been having some real shivery times lately, even in that paradise of sunshine and flowers, the Riviera. From whence, too, have just had a perfectly good, long, long letter from an unknown who calls himself "a mere lad of fifty," and tells me the story of his life (or quite a lot of it), and wants to kiss my "beautiful hand," etc., etc.



"A mere lad of 50"

RATHER refreshing, you know, they are—these letters from Unknown Admirers and people. And think I rather prefer compliments from people who aren't polite to *everyone*. Positively anything but flattering, this one is, certainly, to the Englishwomen he's been meeting at Cannes. "Our compatriotes here (sez 'e) disgust me and disgust the French also. The other night in the Casino there was an Englishwoman who had for sole costume about six mètres of ribbon wound—and very badly wound—around her. And a little time at a beauty specialist's like the one you wrote about wouldn't have done any harm to her red arms."

AND goes on to remark, this candid critic does, how he likes me for what I feel and say about France. Who, he, too, agrees, "isn't in the Ruhr principally for reparations." She knew it was time to finish what money stopped her doing in 1918. . . She has saved herself, and she has also saved us and civilisation. . . .

OH and, by the way and 'fore I rush on, simply can't help musing longingly over what he says somewhere around page 7 (told you it was a fairly 'stensive sort of letter, didn't I?) 'bout Venice. Lovely, enthralling Venice—where people'll soon start going out to again, I s'pose, spring being one of its seasons (to them that

know) every bit as much and more than autumn. When it's much too crowded with the "right" kind of people—Dukes' daughters and ex-Premiers' wives and all their retinue—for anyone else ever to hear themselves speak, or think, much less enjoy the surrounding scenery.

卐

RATHER a fascinating picture he paints of an *appartement* in the wonderful old Vendramin Palace on the Grand Canal. A room with a four-poster draped in chintz. Oleanders that spread their branches right into the room through the open window. A full moon and silence over the water, but for the faintest swish of a gondola or two, and a tenor voice singing *La Tosca* in the distance and growing ever more far and far away. . . . Doesn't it all sound almost too heavenly for words?

卐

OH to be——— but no, I don't really and truly in the very least want to be anywhere but here in England now. Where there's simply oceans of nice things happening, quite apart from the aforesaid first murmurings and burgeonings of a reawakening world — that'll shortly be nipped in the bud, I s'pose—but no matter.

卐

PEOPLE, for one thing, are beginning to gather round once more. Parliament's sitting again, and winter sports, anyway, are getting very near their last gasp. And every day the trains are disgorging fresh avalanches of quite indecently healthy, suntanned and snow-braced people, just back from their weeks of hectically glorious life amid the snows of St. Moritz or Murren, or anywhere else.

卐

LONG, long days in the tingling crisp air, and long, long nights of dancing—keyed to just about the pitch of perfection, they are. Only I don't envy them *now*. 'Cos once more, we're more and merrier for kicking the ball of pleasure, which certainly begins to *circuler* quite pleasantly, even in these very early days in the year, now that there are no silly old rules any more about the "season" starting *or* ending at any fixed date, and people just come to Town whenever it suits 'em best.

卐

KICKED it very successfully, too, they did—the b. of pleasure aforesaid, I mean—at the Grafton Galleries new club, which has risen, phœnix-like and more resplendent than ever, from the ashes of the old. Where lovely Lady Louis Mountbatten gave out prizes one night last week to the winners of a foxtrot competition, and afterwards, with Prince Henry as partner, shared the ardours and endurances of a crowded floor—which, eheu! and alas! seems inseparable from a really good band and a cuisine such as the Grafton's—not to mention the perfectly good *cabaret* show which, 'cos of its verve and movement, hardly seemed to take up any of that real *dancing*, for which, I s'pose, we still join dance clubs—what?

"In Lovely Venice"

卐

THEATRES, anyway, have been simply bunged up for all the first nights I've been to for some while, and for the Marie Tempest *première* at the Duke of York's last week there was such a rush that they could have sold out the house three times over. And'll 'tinue on the same lines for some while yet, I don't mind prophesying.

卐

WONDERFUL, really, in a way, isn't it, how the great British public sticks to personalities, and inf'nitely prefers a real dud play with his (or her) fav'rite actor or actress in it, to a real good one without?

卐

THOUGH, of course, when it's anyone like charming Seymour Hicks, I can quite excuse them, and almost agree with 'em, in fact. I mean, in his new play, *The Love Habit*, at the Royalty, f'rinstance—well, it may be a baddish effort (as most of the critics seem to think), but the great Seymour's acting in it is so wonderfully individual and full of life and verve and everything, that he really does carry the whole thing on his shoulders, as they say. And makes you feel that he's achieved quite a triumph, 'spite of the very utter and complete futility of quite a lot of the aforesaid dear old play.

卐

IT's an odd world—isn't it?—and it's the youngest that seem generally to win—whatever their age.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

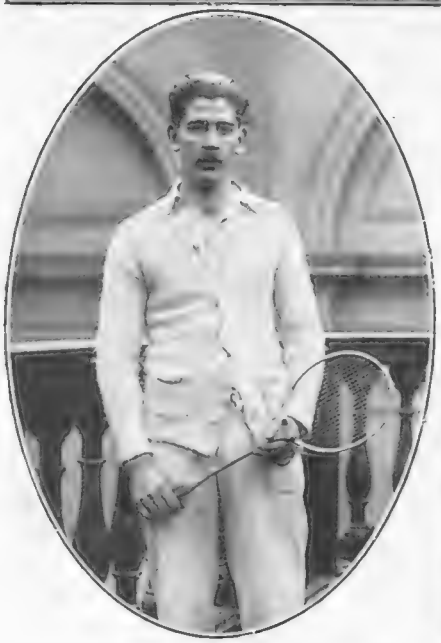
# SPORT of the WEEK

*As seen by the Camera*

*Photograph* *Central News*

THE R.A.F. RUGBY TEAM (Minus One)

Who, in the presence of the Duke of York (himself an airman), unexpectedly beat the Royal Navy at Twickenham on Wednesday last by a try to nil



*Photograph* *Sport and General*

F. J. DEVLIN

The well-known Irish badminton player, who recently won the championship of Kent, beating amongst others the All-England champion, Sir George Thomas

*Photograph* *I. B.*

A CLOSE SHAVE FOR R. A. L. EVERITT.

Winner of the 120 yards hurdles for Jesus, who beat Magdalene in the semi-final of the Cambridge Inter-collegiate Sports (Div. ii) last week. Jesus won by 75 points to 35, and will meet Downing in the final next Saturday

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

A BREAK-AWAY THAT DID NOT QUITE COME OFF

By University College Hospital against St. Mary's in the second round of the Inter-hospital Rugby Cup at Richmond last Tuesday. Winning easily by 16 points to 3, U. C. H. qualified to meet the holders, Guy's, in the Semi-final to-morrow (Thursday)

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

THE START FOR THE SOUTH OF THE THAMES CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP

Which was held on Epsom Downs. Twenty-one teams, comprising well over two hundred runners, took part in the race, which was won by the Surrey Athletic Club who won last year. The North of the Thames championship (referred to below) was won by the Ipswich Harriers

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

SIGNALLER W. M. COTTERELL

Of the Royal Corps of Signals, who repeated his last year's win in the South of the Thames Cross Country Championship, beating W. T. Dear, of the Surrey A.C., by nearly a minute

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

THE FIRST THREE MEN HOME

In the North of the Thames Cross Country Championship. Right to left: A. Green (Polytechnic Harriers), 1; C. G. Chumbley (Woodford Green A.C.), 2; V. W. Vincent (Hampstead Harriers), 3. Green only won by 4 sec.

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

CAIUS III BUMP LADY MARGARET IV

On the first night (Wednesday last) of the Lent Races at Cambridge. The L.M.B.C. cox. is seen acknowledging the bump which was made in the Third Division

*Photograph* *L. N. A.*

W. J. CHRISTIE

Winning a heat in the Senior mile at Eton last week, held as usual over the Dorney Road

# RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

### Nearing the National

We shall have some highly interesting public trials for the National during the next few weeks. Not that any trial over a park course can tell us all we want to know about Aintree prospects, but these minor races at least afford assurances as to which horses are fit and well. For example, many of those who saw Music Hall win that four-mile steeplechase at Hurst Park promptly backed him for the National, but I, who noticed that he had damaged a knee at Hurst, kept off him for that reason. That was a distressing example of "knowing too much." Among horses who have lately appeared to advantage is Conjuror II. It is true he was beaten fairly and squarely by Forewarned at Manchester, but I observed how well he was staying on at the finish of that race, and over the longer course at Birmingham last week he was a very comfortable winner.

### A Difficult Double

It has long been an article of faith among those who interest themselves in steeplechasing that a winner of the National Hunt Steeplechase is always outclassed in the Grand National. Year after year we have seen this theory borne out by the actual facts. Why Not is the only horse to accomplish the double so far, and in his case many seasons elapsed between the two successes. All this does not engender confidence in Conjuror II's chance next month, but we live in an age of racing surprises, and this horse may be destined to knock theories on one side. Tom Coulthwaite thinks favourably of his prospects, and that fact alone is worth bearing in mind.

### Newbury

Let me congratulate the Great Western Company upon bringing down the fares of their splendid special trains to Newbury. On Wednesday the Newbury Steeplechase will bring out a number of prominent Grand National horses. I shall look for the success of **Turkey Buzzard**. I am not quite sure that he is an ideal horse for Aintree, but there can be no question about his brilliancy on other courses. The trouble is that he takes a good bit of holding, and it will be interesting to see how the stable jockey, F. Brookes, will shape on him at Newbury. Another interesting affair on Wednesday will be the February Hurdle Race, in which some smart novices are to appear. I like **North Waltham** the best of them. On the following day the Greenham Hurdle Handicap may be won by **Morganatic Marriage**. In the Spring Steeplechase **King Solitude** should add to his successes. At Kempton Park on Friday I question whether there will be anything to beat **Herod Phillip** in the St. James's Hurdle Race, while in the Middlesex Steeplechase on the second day **Cavalier** may gain his initial success over fences.

[By "The Tout"

"TAFFYTUS"

**Tom Leader, the famous Newmarket trainer, who is preparing Mr J. C. Bulteel's much fancied horse for the Grand National**

# HUNTING NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

### In the North

I see it stated that the North Durham country is to cease to exist as a separate establishment at the end of the season, when Captain J. E. Rogerson and Captain Frank Bell are to retire, but I also observe that the Hunt Committee are advertising for a new M.F.H. It is to be feared that this country, in some districts, is not what it was from the foxhunting standpoint, owing to the number of collieries and railways that mark the landscape. This applies to one or two other countries in the North Country, yet in most places a good stock of foxes is still forthcoming, and the sport keeps merrily on. Nearly a hundred years since the doom of foxhunting was predicted by certain lugubrious ones because, forsooth, of the number of canals which were being cut through the country! Then the railways were supposed to foreshadow its doom, and now people are saying that the attendance of motor-cars when hounds are running will be harmful to the sport.

### Optimism

Foxhunting, however, is much too deeply rooted to be ruined by such things as these, and I am optimistic enough to believe that those who come after us will have just such a good time with the hounds as the present generation enjoys. The ever-increasing march of the builder must, of course, bring about further changes in the character of hunting countries. Time was—and only about a century ago—when the Old Surrey Hounds were kennelled at Bermondsey, of all places in the world, and Peckham Rye and Forest Hill were among the favourite hunting grounds. Yet there is still an Old Surrey pack, or, rather, one which has joined forces with the Burstow, and they still find stout foxes and show good runs from coverts which are within a motor-bus ride of London Town.

### The Pytchley

February sport with the Pytchley up to the time of writing had produced no extraordinary hunt like the renowned Waterloo run of Colonel "Jack" Anstruther-Thomson's time; all the same, the month has proved a decided success. Their day from Fawsley was as good as any reasonable man could wish for. A grand forty minutes from Badby wood to ground on the top of Borough Hill was followed by a sparkling twenty-five minutes, hounds bowling their fox over in the open near Ashby St. Ledgers Park. I fear I went wrong in dealing with the Pytchley arrangements in a recent note. I am informed that Major Cayzer's financial obligations ceased on December 1, and were taken over by Major Jack Lowther. The latter did not wish to take, nor has he taken, any active part in the management or in command of the Hunt during this season.

### Watch the film-coats disappear

Simply mail the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Then note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In a few days you will realize that Pepsodent brings results you never secured before. And this may lead to lifelong benefits which you would not go without

# Beauty's Chief Items

## "First Eyes, then Teeth," *one famous writer says*

A famous writer, in analysing beauty, says we first note the eyes, then the teeth.

There is a new way to tooth beauty which millions now employ. It combats the dingy film, as old methods never did. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now are largely due to that method. This is to urge a ten-day test, without expense, to learn what it means to you.

### How film mars beauty

Most teeth brushed in old ways are left coated, more or less, by film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays there If not removed, these thin coats become discoloured. Tartar is based on film.

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. Much film remains to dim the teeth and harbour enemies.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Despite the tooth brush, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Nearly everybody suffers more or less.

### Now people combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. They act to curdle and then remove it, without the slightest harm.

Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists the world over advise their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, complying with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it. And millions of people now employ it, largely by dental advice.

### Old mistakes avoided

It was also found that old tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, brought undesired effects.

They reduce the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids

They reduced the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize the acids which may cause decay.

Pepsodent corrects these errors. It multiplies the starch digestant, multiplies the alkalinity. Thus every use gives manifold power to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

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### More open smiles

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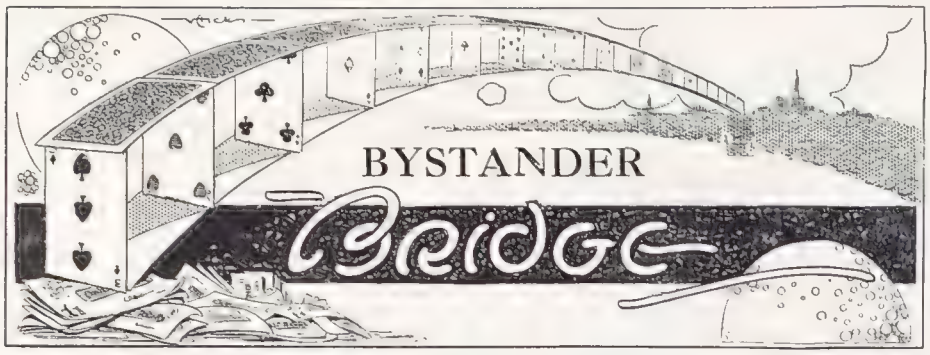


BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

He had annoyed his partner badly by his calls and plays. When in the course of discussion he said, "I agree with you," his partner replied, irascibly, "For heaven's sake don't agree with me or I shall begin to believe I am wrong!"

. . . . .

That it is possible to cut high as low at choice from a pack of cards "spread-eagled" on the table is an indisputable fact, although I have heard it denied. The high cards have more paint and glaze on them. They have a tendency to stick and hang back. The low cards protrude slightly. It is not infallible. But in eight cases out of ten a close observer can cut as he wishes. I know one London Club, where stakes rule high, where this method of cutting is tabooed. It was too easy.

. . . . .

But there is a still simpler method recommended by an old whist player. Always get hold of the cards before cutting and place a high card at one end of the pack and a low one at the other, then cut last and take either end you prefer. By this means you select your partner. This is an admirable coup, and it tends to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but it must be executed with judgment, for if you are detected your happiness will not be increased. Rather the reverse! Some purists, anxious to be on the safe side, only keep an eye on the bottom card and take it when it suits them.

. . .

One objection to this method is that it is not considered etiquette to take the end card, and a player who made a practice of it would soon find difficulty in cutting into a rubber.

. . .

Many players are superstitious about cutting. I know a man who always selects the third from the end. Another takes the seventh. I have seen a player pass his hands over the cards as if to mesmerise them before cutting. An untidy cut is supposed to be unlucky for the cutter. Of course, a lot depends on the cut. It decides not only the partner you are to play with, but the first dealer.

. . .

Opinions differ as to the value of the deal at Auction Bridge. Certainly, it has not the same importance as at the old game of Bridge. But that it is a decided advantage I have no doubt. I would concede my opponents 50 points above the line in the rubber if I were allowed to deal every hand.

. . . . .

No! I don't mean any conjuring or manipulation of cards. The point is the deal carries with it the right to first bid. And on the principle that he is best off who gets his blow in first, this must be an advantage. Moreover, if I am able to make a bid and the opponent on my left speaks, my partner has his chance before the second opponent can open his mouth.

It often happens that one can "show" a solid suit as dealer which one could not call on later rounds.

. . . . .

During the "post-mortems" that so frequently—more's the pity—succeed the play of the hand, mistakes are often made as to the right dealer. I know a case where a player is reported to have dealt five times in succession without his adversaries discovering it. The most common cause of error is the placing of the shuffled pack in the wrong place. The shuffler, who should be the player opposite the dealer, should, after he has finished operations, place the cards on the left of his right-hand opponent.

If you make a mistake and deal with the wrong cards, you cannot change afterwards. You must have that pack for the rest of the rubber.

. . .

The solutions to Actual Play Problems Nos. V and VI., and the names of our readers from whom correct solutions have been received, will be published together next week.

*Photograph* *Alexander Corbett*

MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY

Who is appearing in Mr. E. Temple Thurston's successful comedy, "A Roof and Four Walls," at the Apollo Theatre

# Purely Relative

BY WILL OWEN.

DOLLY: "Oh she's impossible, old thing—she's been kissed by every man in the hotel"
MOLLY: "After all, dear, I don't call it a *large* hotel!"

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MAYS.A.A

## SCOTTISH SILHOUETTES.

By "PENDARVES"

IT was a day on which one saw a succession of lightning sketches, silhouettes, as it were, of Scotsmen, all at their best; not flattering portraits at all. All lifelike. Indeed, coming back in the overcrowded special from Cardiff, arriving in London in time to be extremely late for dinner, the little sketches of the Scotsman's Day kept flicking, film-wise, through your mind. One found oneself chewing the end of a pipe stem and turning the events over in one's thoughts, staccato, somewhat as follows:

"And they have beaten Wales on their own ground, a thing they haven't done for thirty-three years. Hell of an ordeal, this walking on to a ground filled with 40,000 partisan spectators, all of them knowing the game backwards, and all of them determined their countrymen are going to wipe the grass with you. . . . Day out for Gracie, my *word*. . . . Awful nice thing to captain the Scotch XV against Wales, and to win the match for them with a Machiavellian try in the last two minutes of the game, even though you do knock four teeth out of a spectator's head with your boot as you touch the ball down against the ropes, as he did. . . . I am glad I wasn't in McQueen's place when he had to go down to that savage Welsh rush of forwards right on his own goal line, and get completely knocked out—urgh! . . . No good people saying the Scottish teams can't use their feet in the loose, when they have got people like Bannerman, Lawrie, and Buchanan. They dribble like Soccer players, wonderful. . . . Dam good sportsmen, these Welshmen, the way they carried Gracie off the ground at the end! . . ." and so on.

Reflecting more calmly on the situation in the light of Sunday morning you realise what an epic match it was, from all points of view. I suppose it is because I am a Celt myself that I am always rather awed by the atmosphere of a big Welsh football crowd *on its own ground*. But I am certain the most phlegmatic Scotsman (especially the new Caps) must have felt something of the "might, majesty, and Dominion" of Wales as they hung about in the dressing-rooms during that interminable period of waiting. Sitting in the Press Stand, comfortably immune, I am very nearly overcome always by the deep surge of the battle chants of Welsh voices singing (as no other nation in the world can sing) their men to victory, ominously, aggressively, beautifully. When I tell you that about 500 men in my immediate vicinity were chanting "Lead, Kindly Light," in the Welsh tongue, in perfect tune and rhythm, you may laugh and say, "Very nice, too—why not?" But hear it yourself five minutes before an International Match, when the very atmosphere throbs with expectancy—and you won't wave it away as if it was nothing; you will be deeply impressed, however wooden and unimaginative you may be. On the overcrowded stands below me, where they swayed and swayed and sang ominously, threateningly, you felt there was trouble brewing, and your mind flashed back to the Swansea *débâcle* of 1921, when the bonds of impatience were broken and some hundreds of them swarmed down on to the touch line.

It is, perhaps, an invidious distinction to labour Gracie's gigantic try—there is no other word for it—but all such tries in all such classic games go down to football posterity, so here it is:

So near was the end that you felt Baxter, the referee, had actually got his lips to the whistle for "no-side." A leek-bespangled, red-ribboned Welshman near me in the stand was at the end of his tether, tears of excitement running down his cheeks, long past any voice. The last time I had seen Gracie handle the ball, a minute or so ago, in a *mêlée*, he was a spent man, only partially recovering from the fearful gruelling of being marked simultaneously by two heavier men. He was finished, fought out. Suddenly, with Scotland thundering at the gates, on the Welsh 25 line, the ball comes lopping out from Bryce, hidden in the van of the battle, and is taken spasmodically, lurchingly, by McQueen, he still dazed and spent by his knock-out at the other end of the field. Whether by intent, or the mere wildness of a man who is fighting for the gong, one can't say, but he in turn lops it over McLaren's astonished head to the skipper. Directly Gracie gathers it he becomes transformed. He is off, running left in his usual swaying fashion, towards the winger, Liddell. Johnson, the Welsh three-quarter, who has been clawing Liddell to earth all the afternoon, prepares to do so again by dashing towards him. But Gracie does not sling the expected pass out, he swerves inwards, past Cornish and Jenkins. The enormous crowd, seeing the ruse, roars a warning to Male, the Welsh back. But too late—Gracie is over!

And so is everything, except the shouting, which went on and on—for Gracie. The Welshmen recognised a great effort by an almost exhausted man, and they carried him off shoulder high to mark their appreciation, although it is *he* who has caused their downfall.

This is typical of the Rugby game in its best aspect.

Than which no game is finer.

## DEVILS, DOGS AND VIRTUOUS PRU

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

A Bystander reader in sunny southern Spain—No, it was not Mr. L. G. in the *Reina Cristina!*—writes:—

There's no doubt great minds *do* jump together. I've just read the good news of *The Field's* undertaking, with its impressive ducal backing, for real research into causes and cure of Distemper, and only a couple of days before I read in "The Kennelman's" always illuminating notes: "What about identification of the Distemper bacillus, and the evolution of a positively certain serum? It's unfair to say our best vets. are too busy money-making to bother with research; but—well, we do badly want that serum." I wouldn't say the sporting dukes and Sir Theodore take their daily orders from "The Kennelman," but—clearly one can't deny the affinity between great minds!

Joking aside, this proposed *pukka* investigation of Distemper is one of the biggest events in the doggy world for many a long day, and deserves the immediate practical support of all doggy folk, even as a matter of policy, apart from our duty in the matter of a plague that decimates the big community for which we're responsible, as cruelly as cholera or smallpox ever decimated our own family. I can't agree with those who think it easy for *every* Dog Club to put up £40 or £50, because there are some whose total subs. hardly exceed that, but, all the same, there should be no difficulty about providing the shekels for any such vital advance as this Distemper research. Meantime, the one prophylactic (St. Hubert send I've spelt it right!) is to keep your Dogs at the top of their form *all the time*; not only at Show times; and shun the unnecessary contacts that bring infection.

Congratulations to Brentford magistrates on knowing their job better than some. They did give a week's gaol to the Twickenham savage who starved his chained Dog to death; but why not six months? Even a week is better than the fine without imprisonment imposed on the Welsh savage who kicked his dog into insensibility, and then tied its legs together, and smashed its skull. Such devils are always cowards. Note the leg-tying of the unconscious Dog. One week or a small fine: and six or three months for stealing a few apples, or breaking a window, instead of an unconscious Dog's head. O, Silenus, do for goodness' sake wake up, or get out!

Old Prudence is one of the wisest of our Bloodhounds,—I've known several less sagacious human matrons—but she's lately developed an annoying trick of always rushing into and through a certain scummy, foul, little pool in the lane near the Kennels, when we're coming in from exercise. (It all began with her discovery of a bunny, who'd committed suicide in the pool.) The trick meant carrying slime into the Kennels, and had to be checked; but Pru was obstinate, and I loath to underline words with a blow, for your Bloodhound's sense of dignity and length of memory are extraordinary. Day before yesterday I preached her a sermon beside the pool; a real combination service, with no end of finger-wagging. Yesterday, as we approached the pool, Prudence was walking beside me, occasionally nuzzling my hand. Abreast the pool, she suddenly looked up into my face, quite clearly remarking: "You'll excuse me, won't you!" and then, without word or sign from me, she did a sharp left-wheel, climbed a steep, uncomfortably spiky bank, and scrambled along right in the hedge, till we were well past the pool, when she slithered down again into the lane, and veered alongside me, tongue out, unmistakably asking for commendation to wash out the previous day's commination. Good old Pru!

"Your Bloodhound's sense of dignity . . ."

It's proposed that a new Bloodhound Club should be formed for the benefit of northern and midland breeders of the classic Hound; headquarters at Manchester. The more the better, of course; for the big Dog-loving public loses a lot by ignorance of the fascinating qualities of this noblest breed, as companions; but why not aim at strengthening the existing Bloodhound Breeders' Association and Hunt Club with northern pep; equally dividing meetings, etc., between north and south? The Association is rich in records and traditions, and the northerners have lots of driving power. Union is strength; England is small; the breed needs co-operative backing.

A Brighton correspondent waxes lyrical over the wonderful popularity of the Alsatians, as shown by their 500 strong entry at Cruft's; and I wouldn't belittle this (or the Cockers, nearly 300, the Sealyhams 338, or the Labradors nearly 300; inspiring records all, and evidence of good public taste. I was glad to see Dandies well up, too.) But our Brighton friend's misled, I fancy, in writing of "Pekes away down below 200—looks ominous!" Pekingese popularity has been more active than ever in the past year; but some Pekingese fanciers rather funk Islington in mid-winter; and—there are other factors.

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*Country Life, 28.10.22.*

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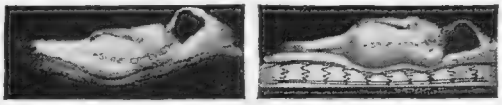

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# Femina

## Pharaohs, Philistines, and Frocks

BY "CANDIDA"

It's not much fun being all that's left of a Pharaoh. To be dug up and conjectured about and "reconstructed," to be reported on and photographed and shut up in a glass case, was it for this, alas! that they toiled to bury him so nobly and so well, goodness knows how many centuries ago? "Uneasy lies the head," etc., etc., chiefly because curiosity about kings is, and always was, our besetting sin. No king is safe, it seems, even when he's been dead thousands of years.

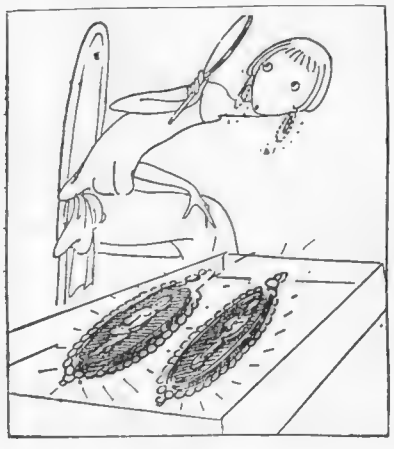
What's the practical result now that at Luxor most of the digging and discovering's done? Do we know more, for all our impertinent researches, about the strange people who planted the mysterious Sphinx in the desert, and built inexplicable pyramids in the beginning of days so far back that they're lost in the obscurity of the ages? I don't believe that anybody does, not even the undaunted ones who daily munched their sandwiches under the shadow of the Pharaoh's tombs, while war chariots were brought out inlaid with gold, and a funeral couch, symbolically carved, and the jewels that once adorned a king's romantic hours.

But there's a practical result of the discoveries that have been agitating the civilised world, and it's not one that will end in museums and text books, either. Whenever anything interesting happens in the world's history, whether it's new wars, or old Pharaohs, long-lost masterpieces, or a new thing in religions, they sit up and take notice in Paris. Of course, we're all thrilled to the marrow, but it ends there with the rest of us, whereas in Paris they have a way of translating their emotions into frocks. Inspiration is hard to come by now that there's nothing new under the sun. And when they dig up the very old out of the shade—the shade of a past so picturesque that it makes one gasp—the opportunity is too good to miss. If everything's only an eternal repetition, then it stands to reason that the older the stunt the newer it will be when you revive it.

So there's nothing more *chic* just now than gowns after Tutankhamen, as long or as short a way after as you please. The point is to leave no one in doubt of what you're aiming at, which isn't difficult considering how obvious was the Egyptian scheme of things. They had in Egypt a respect for the human outline. No fuss was made over the decent disguising of curves, etc., though looking at the mummies I rather wonder whether they ever had them to disguise. Perhaps their outline was so much poetic licence, so to speak, on the part of the artist who may not have seen what he saw. What modern painter, for instance, sees anything in curves? If the lady has them they're not apparent when she's down on the canvas.

Belts were another Egyptian habit, and what belts they were! Wonderful things of gold and jewels that must have weighed about a ton, but nobody minded being uncomfortable, any more than they do now, in the sacred cause of beauty. Carved with symbolic beasts and things, with scarabs and goddess's heads, we are grateful to them for being so effective. And as for the head-dresses, with their gorgeous colourings and sweeping curves, could anything be more becoming to heads that will never see forty again?

You gather by this time that we're to be Egyptian next season, which you may think is not so very new, as something of the sort has been attempted before. But I would have you remember how restrained and Europeanised were all our former efforts; how they began resolutely *à l'Egyptienne* at the head and after, and then fizzled out ineffectually at the foot into the latest Paris skirt. That's not the way we intend to do them now that we've unearthed the real thing in Pharaoh's dresses. Of course, not everybody in these impoverished days can run to gold and lapis, and all that, but it's extraordinary how much can be done with tinsel and paste. Besides, there's always the "outline" to fall back on. The new dresses will not fail because, like so much that's modern, they've no minds of their own. And they're with us already. At Murray's the other day, at their famous fashion show, a fair young thing in *mannequins* glided in, clad in a wonderful green garment that would not have disgraced Tutankhamen's Queen herself.



Dear Ursula, *February 16th*
Another of my recent presents. Aren't they lovely? Cameos set in diamonds.—

PAM IN PARIS

I really have wonderful nerves! A friend left this "mascot" on my cushion in front of the fire. Of course he is a darling and a cute present, but I got a shock at first.—

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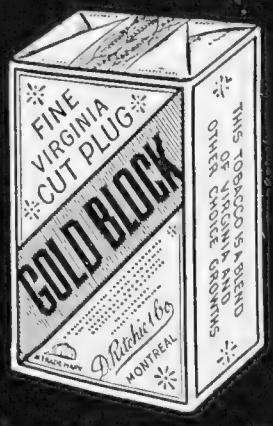


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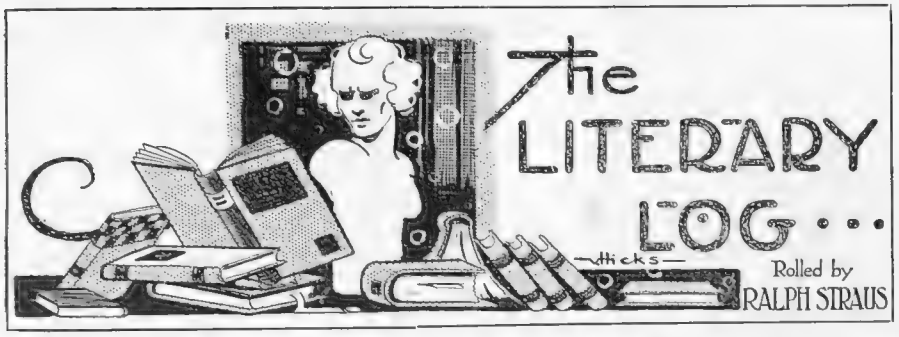


Poor Wilfrid Ewart! His was a short but brilliant career. His novel, *Way of Revelation* (Putnam: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), was a book of the War, which in many ways stood by itself. It was a long book, you remember, but not nearly so long as its author originally wrote it. Probably it will be chiefly remembered for its extreme faithfulness. Ewart, indeed, had an extraordinary facility for getting down on to paper that side of life which he knew. One or two of us wondered what exactly he would do in the field of imaginative fiction, for it is one thing to write objectively of a single great tragedy like the War and another to evolve a work of art largely created from one's own inner vision. Unfortunately, we shall never know. There was a second book from his pen, *A Journey in Ireland*, 1921 (Putnam: 7*s.* 6*d.* net)—and a most interesting book it is—but here, again, the author was describing, quite simply and faithfully, what he saw and heard. It is, however, difficult not to believe that he would have done very splendid work, had not the cruellest fate struck him down in that Mexican hotel at the beginning of his career.

❀

A surgeon's case-book must contain the most interesting materials for literary work. Few surgeons, however, give up the lancet for the pen. Sir Frederick Treves is one of the few. In various volumes he has shown us life away from the operating-table, and now in *The Elephant Man and Other Sketches* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) his case-book provides him with as poignant a background as could well be conceived. There is a great deal about death in these sketches, but the book is not gloomy. On the contrary it breathes out hope and consolation: it shows the author surrounded, it may be, by horrors on occasion, but also in the midst of supreme courage and all the high things of life. There are human stories, told in all simplicity, which startle you into a kind of prolonged thrill. Here are bits and pieces of life which crystallise out into drama. Was there ever, for instance, so pitiful a story as that of the poor deformed creature who was exhibited at fairs as the Elephant Man until Sir Frederick rescued him from his torture and gave him sanctuary behind hospital doors? And how delicious was the demeanour of the woman who, after embracing in one of the wards a maimed and bandaged creature whom she took for her husband, showed the acutest displeasure and disappointment on finding her real spouse in the next bed with a very minor ailment indeed. She considered that her time and her fine clothes had been wasted on a ridiculously unnecessary visit. The stories, indeed, are by no means all sad; one at least borders on farce. It concerns the hat of a most ducal Duke, and proves that the author is ready to look at life in all its different facets, and from more than a single angle. *The Elephant Man* is a most gracious book, which you will want to read more than once.

*Photograph* *Blake Studios*

**THE NEW FASHION IN FASHION SHOWS**

**One of the lovely evening gowns in Philip Moss's £100,000 Fashion Show which, until recently, was one of the many attractions of Murray's Club, and which is now a principal item in a delightfully varied programme at the Palladium**

❀

Mr. W. L. George adds himself to the number of British novelists who lecture to Americans and then produce their impressions in volume form. It is becoming rather a dangerous game, but Mr. George is far too wily a bird to write the wrong sort of book. He is no mere flying visitor, who dashes from one big city to the next, eats meals at other people's expense, evolves crude lectures as he goes, and hurries home within the month. Moreover, he probably knows America better than many Americans. He is one of those men who could not walk down a street—main or otherwise—without wanting to know what each inhabitant thinks and does, the exact amount of rent paid, what the rates are, what condition the drains are in, and, above all, what kind of women brighten the place with their presence. Moreover, he would soon arrive at a fairly accurate estimate of all these people and things. And so it is that his *Hail! Columbia* (Chapman and Hall: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), in addition to being a most entertaining book, includes a little series of accurate observations and estimates of American manners, methods and men, to say nothing, of course, of the women.

❀

If you want the most turbulent, hot-headed, white-heated philippic ever directed against modern cant and hypocrisy, plutocratic pretensions, democratic stunts and neurological art, I advise you to read Mr. Henry Clews's book, *Mumbo Jumbo* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is a play provided not only with an introduction of Shavian proportions, but also with a detailed description of the characters with special reference to their earlier history. The play itself is a satire—the tale of a new art-stunt engineered by a little group of art-dealers and critics who are clever enough to know to what an absurd extent "leaders" of fashion will go in search of something startlingly new. There are times when Mr. Clews uses such jaw-breaking words, and piles on his hyphenated neologisms with much disregard for the poor wretch ignorant of American super-slang; but Mr. Clews has something to say, and says it boldly, and his book will probably rouse you to a state of agreeable fury.

## QUEEN ANNE

The reign of Queen Anne saw the breakdown of much of the opposition to the newly acquired "vice" of smoking, for Sovereigns found in Tobacco a happy source of revenue and people discovered it to be—as they do in the "Three Castles" Cigarettes to-day—"a sweetener of our lot in life and a great equalizer of the temper."

*"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the——*
*"THREE CASTLES"*
*W. M. Thackeray "The Virginians"*

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## *Virginia Cigarettes*

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

W.D. & H.O. WILLS,
BRISTOL & LONDON,
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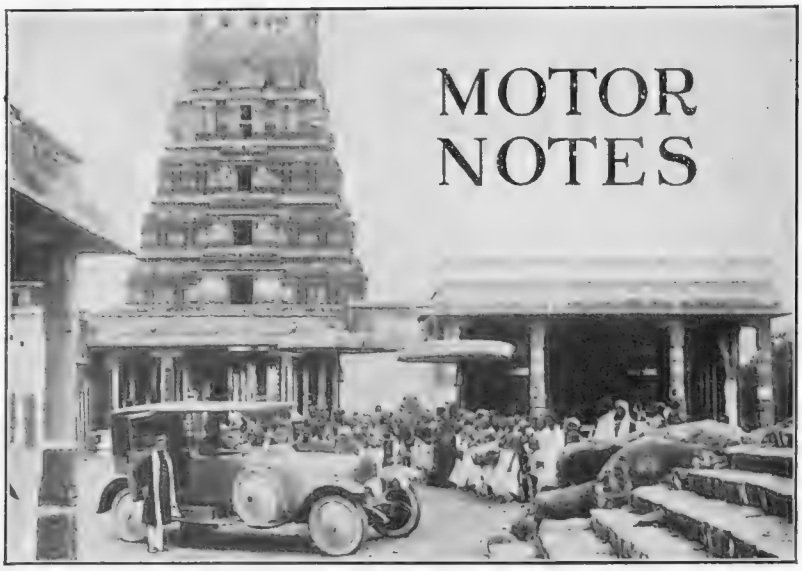
# MOTOR NOTES



A HINDU TEMPLE

**A picturesque scene in Madras during a religious procession outside the Temple. The Rolls-Royce in the foreground makes a typical contrast in a land where East only occasionally meets West**

NEXT Saturday the private owner show, as Mr. William Glass terms his annual collection of second-hand vehicles, is to open at Mayfair Hall, Hertford Street, W.1. This is the fifth show of this series, the first four being held at the Crystal Palace. This year it is to be more aristocratic, and is coming to the neighbourhood of Park Lane. The same system of road test, critical examination, and certification of vehicles by independent automobile experts will be adopted, and the Auto-Cycle Union has again consented to give the show official support. As every machine is "vetted," both sellers and purchasers will know the virtues and shortcomings of the cars and motor-cycles offered for sale. As it is estimated that some 70,000 second-hand motors are available for the buying public, this hall should be pretty well packed with cars and cycles when it opens its doors. It is a novel way of bucking up the second-hand trade.

* *
*

LIGHT-CAR owners will be pleased to learn of the introduction of the "Flexicord" light-car tyre by the Palmer Tyre Company, the pioneers of the cord tyre construction, which has now been adopted by every maker without exception. This new tyre is stated to embody extreme strength and toughness, which renders it wonderfully immune from those cuts and abrasions that tyres of light-cars suffer. Flexibility in a light-car tyre is of great importance, as the small wheel circumference, lesser air capacity and reduced road contact, as compared with the tyre of a large car, are considerations which affect the comfort of the passengers in such cars. This new tyre is stated to be a great improvement in overcoming these elements, which operate against smooth travelling on our roughish roads. The introduction of this tyre brings back to mind that in 1903 the Palmer cord tyre was first introduced and established itself as a practical form of construction for wheel covers. Time was when folks thought that cord tyres slowed the vehicles; now opinions have veered round in the opposite direction. It is wonderful how opinions change in twenty years, but, after all, this only embodies the old maxim that "wise men change their minds (and tyres) and fools never."

THE TOURIST'S LODESTONE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE

**A six-cylinder Napier outside the walls of Carcassonne, the ancient city which stands to-day just as it was when Simon de Montfort governed it**

IN testing new models, I have come to the conclusion the test should always begin from the garage where the car has stood during the night before. Half the joy is taken from the owner of a car that runs "like a clock" when warm, but is the very deuce to start in the morning. I know, as I have had some of this trouble lately. Nor am I blaming it all upon the cars, but take the precaution to find out what *brand* of petrol or mixture is in the tank, and not whether it is No. 1, or any other number. There is no "No. 1" nowadays, as that is usually styled Aero, Aviation, or some other pet name. But if you know what brand of petrol—Shell, Pratts, B.P., Red Line, or any other make—the engine is to be started up on, you know how the blame is to be apportioned far better. The truth is that there is a lot of very heavy spirit sold nowadays unbranded, and, unless you see that you are supplied with a well-known brand, your spirit may cause much trouble in starting on a cold morning.

* *
*

I MUST say Mr. Lionel Rapson tries very successfully to add conveniences to car-owners in general, and though I am not so much in love with some of his efforts, yet I pay him the compliment of good intent. His latest wheeze to overcome annoyance from "dazzle" deserves consideration by car owners, as it refers to the focussing of headlights. I quite agree with him that 95 per cent. of the trouble is due to the fact that existing lamps are focussed in such a manner that the straight ahead beams are directed full on to the oncoming vehicles. This not only produces dazzle, but wastes a percentage—he says 40 per cent.—of the light overhead. Consequently, he has devised a simple fitment, costing £2, that can be attached to any existing lamp, including the acetylene variety. Anybody can fit it in a couple of minutes, take the car on the road, and focus the beam down to where it is not only permanently anti-dazzle, but eliminates the waste of light overhead which occurs with a straight ahead beam. A further advantage claimed for this device is that sufficient adjustment is allowed to permit of the lamps being tilted to a limit of 25 degrees in foggy weather so as to eliminate the white reflection on the bank of fog in front, which practically renders existing headlamps useless. It is worth while going down to Burlington Road, New Malden, to see this effort to solve the dazzle problem. OLD HY.

THE

# BYSTANDER

No. 1,003.—Vol. LXXVII. Wednesday, February 21, 1923

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

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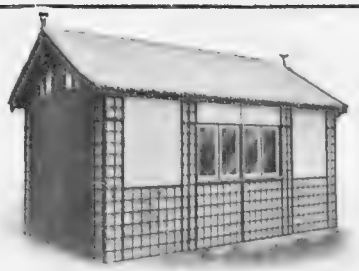

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# BURBERRYS' 1923 SALE

MEN'S and WOMEN'S Weatherproofs, Overcoats, Suits and Gowns at or about
HALF TRUE VALUE

# TO-DAY

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

and Daily until 28th inclusive.

# *The Live Wire*

OFTEN referred to as "The Young Spark" —he's so full of life. "What's he been up to now?", "What will he do next?" we query. But we like him, or rather "love him," that way—full of health and vigour.

HE WILL FIND PLENTY OF SCOPE FOR HIS ENERGIES IN HIS WORLD OF TO-MORROW.

In our world of to-day the least we can do is to give him a healthy lead.

Encourage him in healthy pursuits throughout the day—from the use of Lifebuoy Soap in the bathroom first thing in the morning, until he returns that way last thing at night, so that he lays a clean tho' tired body down to rest.

*Lifebuoy Soap leaves every pore of the skin antiseptically clean and protected.*

*Wash face and hands with it—bathe with it—shampoo with it.*

*The name* LEVER *on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

# LIFEBUOY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L 231—34

## Until we meet again

Meanwhile, the trusty Jowett continues its way, up hill and down dale, with that unfailing reliability for which it is famed. To the country gentleman the Jowett is to-day what the cob was yesterday—good looking, sporting, and dependable. It engenders a feeling of personal pride of possession from the very first day of ownership—and yet it costs so little, £220 for the Two-Seater and £245 for the Four-Seater.

*May we send you a Catalogue?*

Write to Dept. L.
JOWETT CARS LTD.,
IDLE, BRADFORD.

*The* Jowett
*The little engine with the big pull*

H.P.

## NEW SPRING TUNIC

WE have designed and made in our own workrooms a number of attractive Tunics similar to the one illustrated which can be sent on approval.

**ATTRACTIVE NEW TUNIC** (as sketch) made in heavy quality georgette and beaded in a design of feathers, long loose panels at side, new frilled ¾ sleeves. In Black/Grey, Black/Sphinx, Black/Steel, Black/Jet.

PRICE
**6½ Gns.**

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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## . . . And so to bed

A congenial companion for the evening hours to share the comfort of Three Nuns . . . A last pipe . . . Another last pipe . . . Yet another . . . And so to bed, with that ineffable fragrance still lingering in the senses.

For in this fine tobacco, dust-free and cool-smoking, lies solace unfathomable.

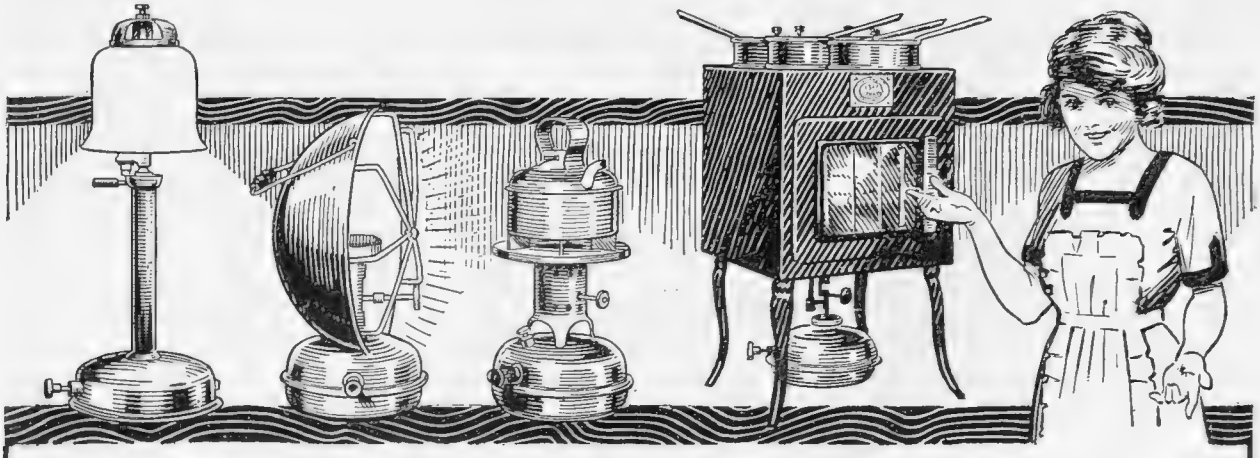
**THREE NUNS**
**TOBACCO**

Sold everywhere in the following packings—
**2-oz. Tins, 2/4**
**1-oz. Packets, 1/2**
2-oz. Packets, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

*Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.*

**THREE NUNS**
CIGARETTES
*of*
Pure Virginia Tobacco
**10** *for* **6D.**

750



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"BP"
Lamps & Stoves
*Cleary Gas*

# THREE STOVES IN ONE

The simplification of household mechanism—the making of one utensil do the work of two or three—is the keynote of modern domestic science. Nowhere has this been carried out more completely or more successfully than in the "BP" Stove.

Under the "BP" Oven the Stove furnishes heat for the cooking of a full-course dinner. Used separately, the stove boils a pint of water in 1 minute 45 seconds, fries chops and steaks, and makes delicious, crisp, brown toast. Cooking done, the simple attachment of a burnished copper reflector turns it into a handsome and efficient radiator.

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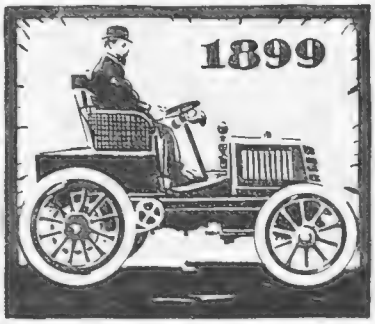
The chief feature of the "BP" Stoves and Lamps is the Cleary Patent Burner, which burns a mixture of 98% air and 2% Cleary Gas automatically generated from ordinary **LAMP OIL—NOT PETROL.**

*Write for illustrated booklet A 12, or call at our West-End Showrooms: 217 Oxford St., W.1.*

**British Petroleum Co., Ltd.**
**3, NEW LONDON ST, LONDON E.C., 3**




# Would you buy an 1899 model?

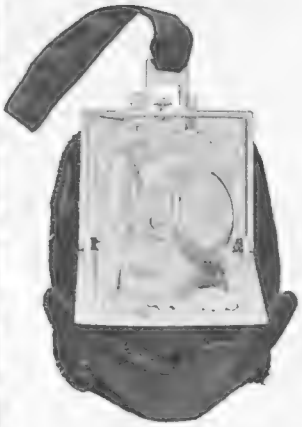
If you were buying a car, would you be satisfied with an old-fashioned model, devoid of all the improvements which nowadays we take for granted?

Then why cling to the old style of handbag, when you can have the modern Lytup, the most fashionable and most useful bag ever invented?

The Lytup, which automatically switches on a little electric light as it is opened, is indispensable at all times and everywhere. In the darkest places, by day or night, it is always easy to sort out one's belongings, or to see one's self in the dinky little mirror with which every Lytup handbag is fitted.

In assorted designs of brocade, silk, satin, velvet and leather. With frames mounted in marcassite or made of real or imitation ivory or tortoiseshell. Also to order in Regimental, 'Varsity or School Colours.

The Batteries are incapable of giving a shock and can be replaced at any store.



Velvet calf, lined corded silk, fitted with mirror, side pocket for purse, imitation tortoiseshell frame ... **£4 4 0**

Black moirée silk, handsome marcassite mounted frame, lined brocaded silk, mirror, purse centre, powder puff, &c.
**£7 17 6**

Black moirée silk, lined oyster satin, frame mounted in marcassite, fitted centre purse, mirror, powder puff, &c.
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LYTUP
HANDBAGS
PATENT Nº 183773/21
*Sole Manufacturer.*
**ALFRED DUNHILL, 50, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.**

# FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

A JAY SPORTS HAT
Of fur felt in all neutral shades

## Picture Frocks and Full Skirts

ALL those who were privileged to attend the first dress display of the season at Lucile's, 23 Hanover Square, came away with a chaotic impression of wonderful *lamé* creations draped to attenuation, Velasquez and Second Empire frocks, the skirts extravagantly full and sweeping the ground, accompanied by tight, and, in some cases, boned, little bodices, quaint sleeveless coatees and boleros, gathers, *ruches*, skirts opening in front over contrasting petticoats, demure little straight-back coat-frocks, and a very wealth of embroideries. But out of the labyrinth, the waist at a more normal line stood out clearly, also the *décolletage* cut right off the shoulder, and a certain long-absent flare to the hem of skirt.

## Semi-Trimmed and Sports Hats

PROMINENT among the new season's models from Victor Jay, 12 Wood Street, E.C., whose hats are world renowned, is the fur felt, illustrated, both the crown and flexible brim closely stitched with silk in tone, the latter, moreover, having a rolled edge. Weighing only 2 ozs., this delightful squat affair can be worn as best pleases the wearer, and, as can be easily imagined, it rolls up for packing into an incredibly small space.

Similarly novel and suitable to the country is a becoming little *cloche*, made of a light wool material with small, raised blobs. This, again, is extraordinarily attractive, the brim lined strained crêpe de Chine. The companion picture depicts a Jay pedal straw, a quite new shape with spreading sides, that carries for sole decorative relief two quills ingeniously plaited together down the centre. On a closer fitting, double-brimmed pedal there comes another of these plaited quills in velvet, a charming example of which is in sand colour.

## The Latest Olva Sports Coat

YOU see this perfectly fascinating coat pictured here, and my only regret is that it is not in colour, since that plays so large a part in its attraction.

The actual model illustrated is built in a soft orange tone, ornamented with deep bands of striped Olva, in two shades of dull red, old blue and mole, and it is accompanied by a shady sports hat of straw, daintily trimmed with rows of narrow ribbons that pick up the colours in the stripes. These colours and designs are especially selected

A SMART SPORTS COAT
Sketched at Elizabeth, South Molton Street. It is built in a soft orange tone ornamented with deep bands of striped Olva

A NEW JAY SHAPE
Of pedal straw ingeniously plaited quills

by Elizabeth, of 45 South Molton Street, W., and exclusively woven for her. She has likewise been fortunate in acquiring a large consignment of a novel brushed wool material that is almost feather weight, and as soft as down to the touch. This is being fashioned into longer sports and travelling coats, and loose, easy slip-on wraps that the tennis-player will find especially useful.

## A Prize Scheme

A SUM of £600 has been laid aside by the firm of H. W. Lake, Ltd., 6-7 Redcross Street, E.C., for the winners of their new competition. This firm, of course, are the proprietors of the Windermere hair-dye, the Windermere hat veil, and the Windermere windy weather veil, and to win some part of the above sum all that is necessary is to estimate as closely as possible the net sales of any one, or all, of these three articles between January 1 and June 30. As many guesses as desired may be made, providing a separate entry form, properly filled up, accompanies each one, together with three empty wrappers of any one of the Windermere specialities. On application to the above address entrance forms will be sent with full details.

## Irish Linen Industry

LOVERS and connoisseurs of linen goods, of whom by far the larger percentage are women, would, if they had been present, have learned much of a vitally interesting character at a lecture given at the London School of Economics on Monday, the 5th inst. The speaker was Mr. W. H.

Webb, chairman of the Old Bleach Linen Company, Belfast, and the event was quite an innovation in bringing closer relationship between producer and distributor. One gathers how Belfast is straining every nerve to reduce the cost of production in a practical and permanent manner, several of the leading linen concerns, including the York Street Flax Spinning Company, Messrs. Frazer and Hamptons, and the Old Bleach Linen Company having started private research laboratories.

### "I Know a Bank——"

Wild Time has left an interesting mark in the recent change of name of the London County Westminster and Parr's Bank. Despite the fact that, as their Chairman recently put it, "there was no part of the name to which a certain amount of goodwill did not attach, and there was not a word in their long name which they could surrender without a certain amount of regret," the good old name has been condensed to "Westminster Bank, Ltd." The advantage of shortness in this present leisureless age has once again outweighed the traditional sonorousness of a more dignified if duller period.

### To the Memory of a Great Airman

The tragic end of Sir Ross Smith at Brooklands last year on the eve of his flight round the world is still fresh in our minds. So many of us at home will be glad to join in the tribute to a gallant memory, and will welcome the announcement from the Hon. Sir Edward Lucas, the Agent-General for South Australia, that the Lord Mayor of Adelaide (the home town of the late Sir Ross Smith and his brother, Keith) has opened a subscription for the erection of a memorial to commemorate the gallant flight of the brothers from London to Adelaide. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by the Agent-General for South Australia, Australia House, W.C. 2.

THE BOURNVILLE BOYS ON HOLIDAY BENT

A merry group of ski-ers belonging to Mr. Paul Cadbury's party taken during their recent holiday trip to Switzerland

### Our Debt to the U.S.A.

"There has been no better barometer of the state of our national finances than the American Exchange," said Sir Harry Goschen, K.B.E., from the presidential chair at the recent annual meeting of the National Provincial and Union Bank of England, "and the definite settlement of our debt to America was of the highest importance, and would have far-reaching influences on the re-organisation of world finances. It might even inspire other nations to similar efforts." A picture of a Germania "inspired" by lofty example is touching in the extreme. If carried out on the delicate lines of a Blampied oil it might do for a presentation to General Weygand. Perhaps!

### 500 £ Notes in Wrappers

Competitions are the rage these days. Your BYSTANDER has started one or two lately, and, incidentally, received an enormous number of entries. And now Messrs. Wright, Layman and Umney, Ltd., have sent us details of a new competition in which £500 are to be distributed among the lucky winners. All you have to do is to collect *printed* wrappers of Wright's Coal Tar Soap—as many as you can—and post them off addressed to Prize Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, S.E. 1, before April 30.

YOUR CHEMIST HAS ROBOLEINE, OR CAN GET IT FOR YOU QUICKLY. ASK HIM.

Prices: 2/-, 3/6 & 6/-

The TEST of the "Danger Months"

*Can you throw off a cold?*

IT all depends on your standard of fitness. Disinfectants, tonics, patent medicines—all these are but puny defenders against the myriad germs ready to seize upon a mal-nourished body. There is only one sane and logical way to keep healthy and enjoy life during these the worst months in the year, and that is to follow the prescription of the doctors in such cases, *i.e.*, to start NOW to take

# ROBOLEINE

## THE ONLY TRUE BODY-BUILDER

This is no new-fangled preparation: doctors, nurses, and the great sanatoria have used it these fifteen years or more, and have proved in countless cases that Roboleine stands alone in building-up the system. Roboleine is the only food in existence which ALONE will support life: it is the Red Marrow from the long bones and Jelly from the rib bones of oxen, together with "Cream of Malt," Egg Yolk and Neutralised Lemon Juice. There is no need to make a secret of its composition—it is the result of fifteen years' physiological and laboratory research and experiment.

Now is the time to fit your system to resist attacks of illness. A "cold" may lead to anything, therefore *get rid of it*—not by dosing with patent medicines or ephemeral tonics, but by making your body so healthy that it repels all germs at once. Roboleine will do this: it has been doing it for years and years, saving the lives of uncounted invalids and transforming little sufferers from malnutrition into vigorous, happy children.

But do not take our word alone for this: Please ask your doctor; he will endorse every word we say, and endorse it enthusiastically. Remember, the doctor's function and aim is to save life, *and that is why "Harley Street" and doctors in their thousands prescribe ROBOLEINE.*

Ask *your* doctor. Ask your chemist. Fill in and post the coupon.

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Of no others of life's little luxuries do the public show so critical a judgment as in the matter of chocolates. The fact that, within the space of a few years, Maison Lyons Chocolates have become first favourites is adequate testimony to their excellence. A gift of Maison Lyons Chocolates is a delicate tribute to the good taste of the recipient as well as proof positive of the donor's.

per 4/- lb.

*Sold in the Salons at the*
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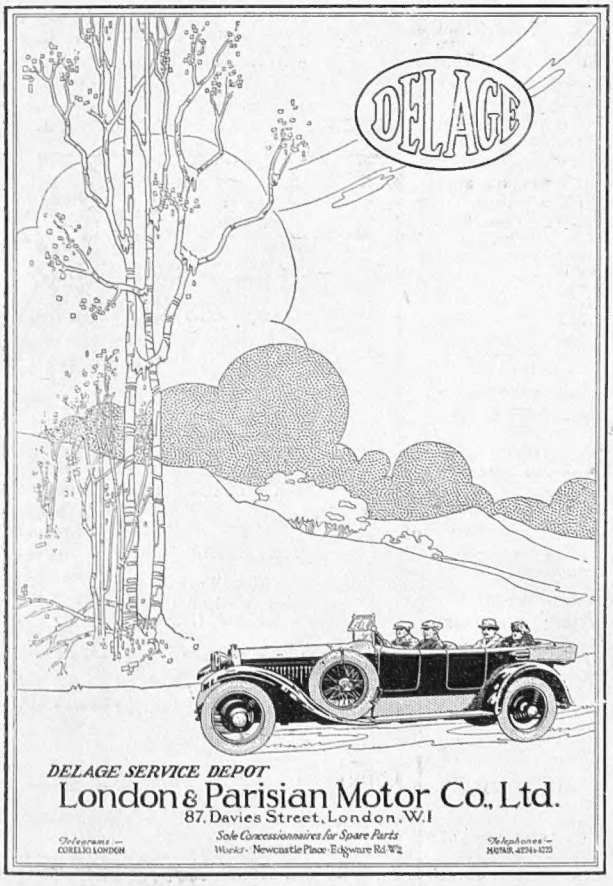
HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS
THEATRES AND CINEMAS

**J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.,**
**London, W.**

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*Cigarette Case and Vanity Case in Solid Tortoiseshell.*

Useful to every Lady for Evening use at Theatre, Restaurant, Dance, &c.
Size, 3½ ins. deep by 1 in. square.
Solid Gold Mounts and Chains,
**£9 9 0**

Silver Gilt Mounts and Chains,
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Without the Chains and Finger Ring,
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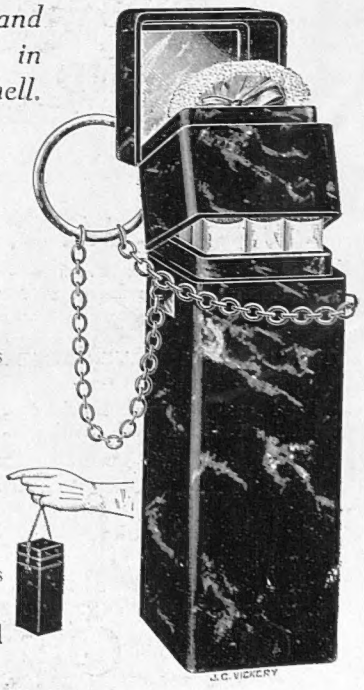


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*By Appointment*
*Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King*
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*Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*

# EGG DISHES FOR LENT

### Curried Eggs à la Madras

Boil six eggs hard, peel them, and put them in cold water until wanted. Mince finely half a small peeled onion, and fry with a little fresh butter in a stewpan. Add a heaped dessertspoonful of curry powder, a finely-minced sour apple, and three chopped Brazil nuts or six sweet almonds. Next mix 1 oz. of cornflour with a little milk, and stir into the above, then add about half a pint of milk, and allow to simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Stir from time to time. Cut the eggs in quarters and lay them in the sauce to get thoroughly hot through. Season with salt and a little lemon-juice. Dish up the eggs in a rather deep dish, pour the sauce over them and surround with boiled rice.

### Mayonnaise of Eggs (A Supper Dish)

Shell four hard-boiled eggs, and cut them in halves lengthways. Peel and cut four ripe tomatoes in halves, put them on a tin, and bake in the oven till they are just tender, then let them get cold. Arrange them nicely on a dish and season with salt and pepper. Place half an egg, cut side downwards, on each tomato. Have ready half a pint of stiff mayonnaise sauce well flavoured with tarragon vinegar. Coat the eggs and tomatoes smoothly with this sauce. Decorate the dish with some cut beetroot and cucumber cut in small pieces.

### Eggs and Spaghetti

This makes a delicious first course for luncheon. Boil 3 ozs. of spaghetti for twenty minutes, strain off the water, and put it in a saucepan with nearly half a pint of brown sauce, a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, 2 ozs. of grated cheese, pepper and salt. When thoroughly hot, lay four poached eggs on it, sprinkle a little chopped parsley over it, and serve.

### Eggs and Tomatoes

Cut three tomatoes in halves and place in a fireproof dish. Add one tablespoonful of water and bake till tender. Remove from the oven before they have lost their shape. Scoop out a good portion from each. Break two eggs into a saucepan, add a teaspoonful of butter, half a teacupful of milk, a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese and a pinch of salt and pepper. Whisk until thick and creamy. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture, and serve very hot on toast.

### Lenten Eggs

Wash and cook 1 lb. of spinach in a very little water, with salt and a pinch of soda. When cooked, drain and pass through a sieve. Butter four scallop shells, and put a layer of spinach on each one, and on it a poached egg. Cover them with a rich sauce, and sprinkle the top thickly with grated cheese. Put the shells into the oven till the cheese is slightly brown, and serve immediately.

### Scotch Eggs

Take four hard-boiled eggs, about ½ lb. of veal or other cold meat (which must be put through the mincing machine), or ½ lb. of pork sausages taken out of the skins can be used. Flavour the meat nicely, and then coat the eggs all over with it (they look like round balls). Roll each one in egg and breadcrumbs and fry in boiling fat. Cut the eggs in two, and serve them in a rich brown gravy. The eggs can also be served cold with a salad, and make a nice supper dish.

EMILIA

BEAUTIFUL PEARLS FROM THE RIVERS OF SCOTLAND

Pearl and Diamond Earrings
short and close fitting
£36
BOTH SUPPLIED IN SEVERAL SIZES
Smaller and Larger.
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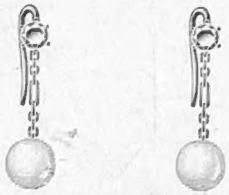
£48



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*Jewellers, Gold and Silversmiths,*
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Throw away your scraping razors and evil-smelling, irritating depilatories. A razor only makes the hair grow thicker and faster, while ordinary depilatories cause painful irritation and have a most offensive odour. Veet will not stimulate hair growth, does not irritate the skin, and has no offensive odour. It is perfectly harmless. Just spread Veet on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money is returned.

3/6 at all Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.
VEET
For Removing Superfluous Hair

"Hints to Dog Owners"
A practical booklet dealing in simple yet concise terms with the care of dogs of all breeds.
No dog owner should be without it. Price 3d. Post Free.
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Price.
The only thing that Fisk Tyres have in common with other tyres is the price.
Fisk Tyre Dept.,
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HAIR TINT, FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the Flask. Chemists & Stores everywhere, or direct—
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beautifully cleaned, perfectly finished, and returned home ready for wear at very moderate prices.

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White Gloves can be cleaned to give satisfaction again and again. Coloured gloves when worn and faded can have the colour and beauty restored.

**EASTMAN & SON**
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*FOR OVER 120 YEARS THE LONDON DYERS & CLEANERS.*
Works: ACTON VALE, LONDON, W.3.
COUNTRY ORDERS RETURNED CARRIAGE PAID

*The MARGARET Model*

*This shows one way of wearing this smart little country hat of plain soft fur felt. The adaptable brim stays in whatever shape is most becoming to you.*

*In fawn, slate, silver, ash, beaver, cinnamon, mole, nigger, navy, white and black. Price 18/9*

*Jay Hats are distinguished by a small label inside—a picture of a Jay. The best milliners everywhere have a Jay Hat to suit you.*

*JAY HATS—the essence of refinement.*

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Tel: 52 Broxbourne

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SPECIALLY TRAINED AGAINST **BURGLARS** for **LADIES' GUARDS**
From **10 Gns.** PUPS **5 Gns.**
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts.
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**GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY**

IN TWO QUALITIES—
**SPORTSMAN'S (Dry), QUEEN'S (Sweet)**

The combination of fine old Brandy and matured juice of the English Morella Cherry makes GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY unquestionably one of the most wholesome and delicious Liqueurs in the World.

It is essential that you should ask for GRANT'S and see that you obtain GRANT'S MORELLA. A good way to remember this is to memorise—

**WELCOME ALWAYS, KEEP IT HANDY**
**GRANT'S MORELLA CH RRY BRANDY**

Sold in Bottles and Half Bottles.

*From all leading wine merchants, Hotels, Restaurants, etc.* — *The Distillery Maidstone.*



**BRAND'S A·1 SAUCE**
A fine tonic and digestive.



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When children grow very rapidly, it frequently happens that the bodily demand for food is greater than the ability to digest it.

The anæmic and weakly condition—not quite ill-health—which results, is medically described as "Malnutrition."

**To overcome malnutrition, Doctors prescribe**

**BENGER'S FOOD**

in addition to the ordinary food. A cupful between meals and at bed-time is of the utmost benefit.

**Benger's Food gives the extra bodily nutrition required, but places no extra task upon a child's digestion.**

*Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.*

Prices 1/4, 2/3, 4/- and 8/6.

BENGER'S FOOD LTD., MANCHESTER.

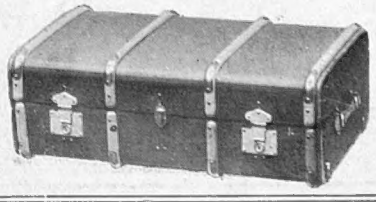


## The Wise Traveller

when selecting his or her Trunk, Suit Case or Bonnet Case will insist on the article bearing the Trade Mark

**"ARIEL BRAND"**
COMPRESSED CANE GOODS.

*One Quality Only—the Best.*



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*Obtainable at all high-class Stores and Establishments in London and throughout the Country.*

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# Sanatogen

***The True Restorative***

NOT on unsupported statement, but on *EVIDENCE*—authentic, unbiassed evidence—does Sanatogen base its claim to your attention. Here are typical specimens of that evidence. Spend a minute reading them, and you will realise that you ought to have tried Sanatogen long ago!

1 **As a GENERAL TONIC:**
"Sanatogen gives tone and resistance to the nervous tissues; helps the gastric functions; improves appetite; increases the power of assimilation of food, and restores the general nutrition of the body"—writes an Associate of King's College, London.

2. **In NERVOUS DISORDERS:**
"As a curative agent Sanatogen supplies the much-needed nutrition to the nervous system as well as the necessary fillip to heart, stomach, liver and other organs. The patient sleeps; his energy of mind and body is gradually restored, and he loses his depression of spirits"—writes a Physician in the *Medical Press*.

3. **In WASTING DISEASES:**
"In Sanatogen we are offered an ideal combination to combat wasting—in fact, a better cell-reconstituent can hardly be imagined for perfect nutrition either in health or disease"—writes Professor Goldwater, M.D., in *Therapeutic Medicine*.

4. **In DIGESTIVE AILMENTS:**
"Obviously our first step is to improve the digestive powers of the stomach. This Sanatogen does, and does effectually"—writes a Physician in the *General Practitioner*.

Buy a 2/3 tin of Sanatogen at your Chemist's to-day.

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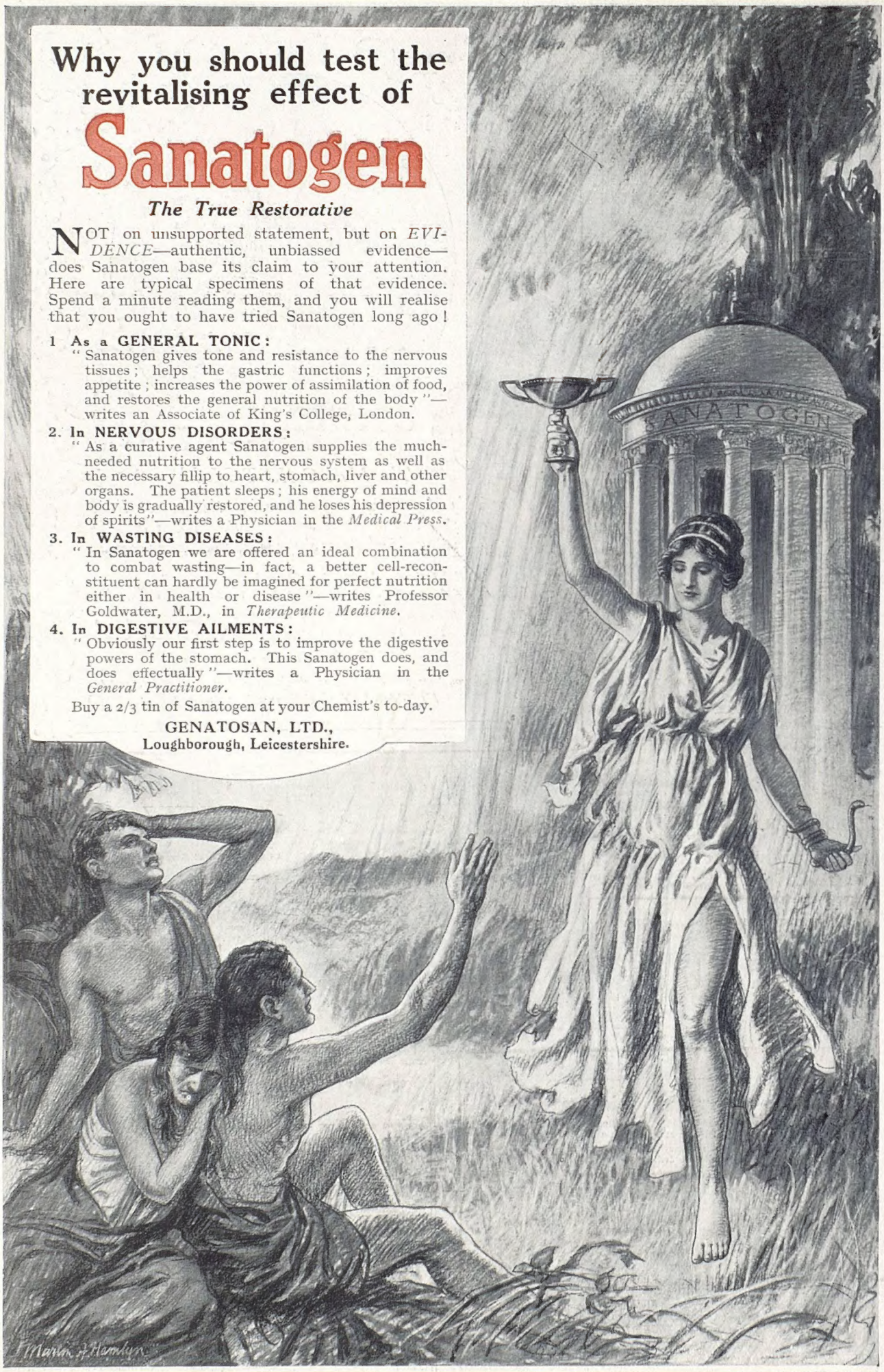



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